

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY  
WASHINGTON SQUARE LIBRARY  
AUG 4 1937

# *The* South Atlantic Quarterly

July, 1937

Volume 36, Number 3

Financing Armament in the Totalitarian State

Calvin B. Hoover

The New Medievalism

Stebelon H. Nulle

Two Famous Theatres of the Old South

William Stanley Hoole

Technology, Centralization, and the Law

F. R. Aumann

Mosby's Men Thundered Through Upperville

Olav K. Lundberg

The Humanism of Thomas Mann

Herbert Muller

Government As Well As Politics

Victor Jones

The Passions of War

Louis Pendleton

A Brief for Fiction

Caroline B. Sherman

Book Reviews

AP2  
.S7  
v.36  
no.3

75 Cents a Copy, \$3.00 a Year

Published Quarterly for the South Atlantic Publishing Company

# The South Atlantic Quarterly

FOUNDED IN 1902 BY THE 9019 SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY OF TRINITY COLLEGE

## OFFICERS

Robert L. Flowers, Pres.

Albert M. Webb, Vice-Pres.

D. W. Newsum, Sec.-Treas.

## DIRECTORS

W. P. Few Wm. H. Glasson R. L. Flowers Wm. H. Wannamaker D. W. Newsum W. K. Boyd

Editorial Board: William H. Wannamaker, William T. Laprade,  
Newman I. White and Calvin B. Hoover

Managing Editor: Henry R. Dwire

Communications in regard to articles, book reviews and editorial matters should be addressed to Managing Editor, THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, Duke University, Durham, N. C. While reasonable diligence is observed, the return of unsolicited manuscripts is not guaranteed. Subscriptions and all communications relating to advertisements and business matters should be addressed to Duke University Press, Durham, N. C. The Cambridge University Press, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. 4: agents in Great Britain and Ireland. Subscription rates on application.

## IN THIS ISSUE

	PAGE
FINANCING ARMAMENT IN THE TOTALITARIAN STATE . . . Calvin B. Hoover	245
THE NEW MEDIEVALISM . . . . . Stebelton H. Nulle	254
TWO FAMOUS THEATRES OF THE OLD SOUTH . . . William Stanley Hoole	273
TECHNOLOGY, CENTRALIZATION, AND THE LAW . . . . . F. R. Aumann	278
MOSBY'S MEN THUNDERED THROUGH UPPERVILLE . . . . . Olav K. Lundeberg	289
THE HUMANISM OF THOMAS MANN . . . . . Herbert Muller	302
GOVERNMENT AS WELL AS POLITICS . . . . . Victor Jones	314
THE PASSIONS OF WAR . . . . . Louis Pendleton	328
A BRIEF FOR FICTION . . . . . Caroline B. Sherman	335
COMMENTS ON BOOKS	
A Competent Biography . . . . . Lodwick Hartley	348
Labor Leader . . . . . John J. Corson	349
A Comprehensive Survey . . . . . Charles I. Glichtberg	350
Views of a British Economist . . . . . Harold Hutcheson	352
Old Testament Criticism Made Easy . . . . . W. F. Stinespring	354
New Chapter of Southern History . . . . . Hettie Robertson	355
The "New England Mind" . . . . . Edgar C. Knowlton	356
On Rhetoric . . . . . Charles I. Glichtberg	358
Elinor Glyn . . . . . David K. Jackson	359
Books Deal with Two States . . . . . James Cannon, III	360
Five Lectures . . . . . James Cannon, III	360

Contents of previous issues of THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY can be found by consulting the INTERNATIONAL INDEX in your library.

Issued in the Months of January, April, July, and October.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

Copyright, 1937, by Duke University Press



/

3

6

✓

3

J

-

3

7

11



# The South Atlantic Quarterly

Vol. XXXVI

JULY, 1937

Number 3

## FINANCING ARMAMENT IN THE TOTALITARIAN STATE

CALVIN B. HOOVER

WITH RESPECT to your interest in Hitler, you must realize that you are concerning yourself about a man who is now only a historical curiosity. As for your question about the possibility of extensive rearmament under Hitler's leadership, it can only be considered as wholly beyond the limits of reality. Financial factors alone would absolutely eliminate such a possibility. You know, of course, that our credit abroad is ruined, that the tax income from our half idle industry has been drastically curtailed, that it becomes every day more difficult to find the means to pay the dole to the unemployed, that our export markets have all but disappeared, that we have practically no gold reserve. I have heard Hitler called many names, but I have not yet heard claimed for him the title of magician. Only a sorcerer, however, could finance a German rearmament program." The speaker was a German banker. The time was November, 1932. Events have proved him wrong. Hitler did come to power and Germany has financed a program of rearmament. Hitler as dictator of Germany has had to be accepted as a fact, but the financing of German rearmament still retains for most people an air almost of the occult.

Five years ago it would have been difficult to find any one in any country who would have believed that the German government could finance an immense program of rearmament under circumstances such as those which confronted Hitler when he came to power. Even to have attempted it would certainly have meant violent inflation according to the then current economic doctrine. Five years

ago our experience with managed currencies was limited enough. The combination of a completely managed currency together with authoritative management of the remainder of the economy which is possible in a totalitarian state was almost unknown outside of Soviet Russia. In spite of the fact, however, that we now have the experience of the Soviet, Fascist, and National Socialist regimes with this type of economic management, there yet remains considerable mystification about the financial processes by which capital funds are mobilized by the totalitarian states.

Thus we often hear that serious inflation already exists in Germany, and that uncontrolled inflation is "just around the corner." It is further charged that the process of financing rearmament has meant that government borrowing has not only drained away desperately needed funds from private industry, but has also caused an enormous expansion of bank credit by vast borrowing from the banks. All this spokesmen for the German government deny.

These denials contain some substance. It is not true, even in an economy of modified *laissez-faire* such as our own, that government borrowing during a depression ordinarily drains off funds which would otherwise be available for private or corporate enterprise. Under such circumstances government borrowing usually either creates additional bank deposits or speeds up the velocity of their turnover, or does both. Consequently, paradoxically enough, government borrowing, under conditions where unused productive resources would otherwise be idle, does not diminish, but on the contrary increases the funds which are available for private and corporate industry.

In a totalitarian state, such as Germany, the line of demarcation between government and private corporate finance becomes almost completely blurred and the process of providing funds for industry and for government becomes indistinguishably blended. When the state requires that industry pursue a certain policy or that a corporate director give a definite order, it does not have to depend upon regulatory laws or even upon the good will of some perhaps recalcitrant "Code Authority." Instead, the state controls the corporation from the inside. The importance of this control when immense sums have to be found for state purposes cannot be overestimated.

It is astonishing how little it is realized what a remarkably con-

venient device the modern corporation offers for the seizure of industry by the state. The bulk of stockholders participate to the smallest extent in the election of the management of the corporation. So long as the stockholder retains possession of his stock certificates, however, and there is no diminution in the dividends paid, the state can move in and assume control of the corporation through appointment of the management, and the stockholders have no consciousness whatever of invaded property rights. This state of affairs afforded the opportunity by which National Socialism established internal domination of German industry.

This process was immensely facilitated by the opportunity for the appointment of new directors afforded by the forcible elimination of Jews as well as others reputedly unsympathetic to National Socialism from the directorates of corporations. This was the well-known process of *Gleichschaltung* by which all organizations and institutions were "co-ordinated."

This extension of state control through National Socialist domination of the election of corporate boards of directors had not been drastic enough to satisfy the Left Wing hot-heads of the Party. In the spring of 1933 National Socialist commissars often ousted former factory managers and seized control themselves. Sometimes this was done by the National Socialist labor organizations without the sanction of the government or higher Party officials. Sometimes Adolf Wagner, the Economic Commissar of the Party, installed the commissars himself.

This seizure of industry and appointment of commissars seemed to the German bourgeoisie to resemble dangerously the nationalization of industry by the Bolsheviki. Hitler clearly realized that such drastic action was wholly unnecessary. While appointment of industrial commissars smacked of Soviet Russia to alarmed stockholders, election of a new board of directors seemed only routine. Hitler knew that it was not even necessary to remove the majority of corporate directors from office. All that was essential was for the directors to realize that their tenure of office depended upon collaboration with National Socialist policy and upon obedience to orders from the state.

Consequently, Hitler called a sharp halt to this overt seizure of industry. Wagner was dismissed from office. Commissars were

withdrawn from the seized plants. Nazi left-wingers were arrested wholesale. Goering threatened recalcitrant radicals with the headsman's axe and the so-called "Second Revolution" was brought to an abrupt end. Nevertheless, state control of industry was an accomplished fact.

With corporate financial policy in present-day Germany under intimate control by the state a large proportion of capital requirements can be supplied through a speeding up of the turnover of bank deposits and other forms of money. Corporations in Germany are not allowed to maintain inactive or slowly turning bank deposits, but must either utilize them without delay in their own processes of production or they must loan them to other corporations or to the government itself. So likewise with any funds which are in the possession of savings banks, mortgage banks, and other similar institutions. The government does not have to rely simply upon the profitableness of such investments to induce action. Directors of corporations who refrained from such investment would soon find themselves without jobs.

In England, if a new "shadow" factory for the production of airplane engines in war time is to be built, the government may have to borrow the money and advance it to private industry in order to get the plant built. In Germany, however, if the state considers it desirable, corporations will borrow from the banks in order to build a factory to be used for a similar purpose. In the one case there has been an addition to the government debt. In the other the borrowings of "private industry" have expanded. No doubt this apparent creation of capital funds without ostensible saving by individuals seems to savor of black magic. Actually the process is limited both for totalitarian and laissez-faire states by certain quite objective factors. If it is carried on without restraint, inflation inevitably occurs. The process may be carried on without a commensurate effect in raising the price level, however, so long as there exists widespread unemployment of labor and capital equipment. When existing capital equipment has been re-employed and unemployment reduced, further expansion, either of bank deposits or of their velocity of turnover will lead to inflation, unless the rate of increase in the medium of exchange is geared up very closely to increases in the volume of production of consumers' goods.

In a laissez-faire economy this process of expansion of bank deposits and of their velocity of circulation stimulated by governmental borrowing often sets in motion forces which prevent its tapering off at the point of full employment of capital resources. Rising prices accompanying recovery may produce demands for wage increases so great as to give still further impetus to price rises. Government subsidies and relief expenditures begun during the depression may prove difficult to withhold even after recovery is under way and, consequently, may put the force of an unbalanced budget behind an already advancing price level. Advances in the prices of some raw materials operate either directly or through the spread of speculative fever to raise the prices of others.

The economic administrators of a totalitarian state are, in the beginning at least, in a more favored position. Wages can be kept from advancing by fiat. Speculative bidding up of prices can be prevented. It is not merely that prices are regulated by the state. Directors of corporations realize that their jobs depend not upon how high the profits of their individual corporation are, but rather on how well they satisfy the wishes of the economic administrators of the state. Consequently, motives for raising prices are largely removed.

It can thus be understood how rearmament in Germany has been financed up to the present time with no more inflation than has occurred. Through the managed economy which characterizes National Socialist Germany, a large part of the productive apparatus of the country which lay idle during the depression has been mobilized to produce munitions of war. To the extent that men and capital equipment formerly idle have been employed, there was no personal abstinence for the German people involved in using these productive forces to manufacture arms. In practice, since imports of consumption goods had to be reduced in order to pay for imports of raw materials used directly or indirectly in the production of munitions, a very considerable burden was placed on the economy. Authoritative management by the state can set idle productive forces in motion. It cannot create raw materials out of thin air.

The limits within which funds can be obtained through the management not only of money but of the entire economy can be estimated from the Soviet experience. There is the most striking

similarity between the way in which funds were raised out of the Soviet economy to finance capital investment in industry and rearmament, and the method by which the National Socialist regime has obtained funds for rearmament and capital investment in industry. It is true that in the case of the Soviet regime capital was first raised for the original Five Year Plan and only after its completion did funds for the tremendous armament program have to be found. The National Socialist regime, on the other hand, had to finance rearmament first, while funds for the Four Year Plan of providing substitute raw materials came afterward. The basic process of conjuring up financial means for these purposes was little different however.

During the first years of the Soviet Five Year Plan funds were provided through an expansion in the quantity and velocity of bank deposits and other forms of money. By this means capital for the construction of factories, for electrification, for the mechanization of agriculture, and for the production of all kinds of industrial equipment was made available. Imports of consumption goods were reduced to a minimum or completely eliminated. Exports were subsidized in order to pay for capital equipment or for industrial raw materials. Production of consumption goods was restricted, and their sale rationed. Although the gold reserve was relatively limited and convertibility of paper currency into gold did not exist, for some time prices did not rise greatly in spite of the huge expansion in bank credit. In fact, Communists often maintained that prices could not rise. Prices were fixed by authority of the state and until some one gave the order to change a price it remained the same regardless of the degree to which money and bank credit were expanded.

The authority of the state over prices did prevent prices from rising for some time. When, however, the expansion of credit and currency continued and prices were not allowed to rise, the supply of goods which were available at fixed prices became wholly insufficient to provide the quantity which people desired at that price. Consequently, the system of rationing goods became almost universal and great queues of people stood in the streets of Moscow waiting for the chance to exchange currency for the limited amount of goods which they were permitted to buy. After years of the acute discomfort of queues and rationing, the managers of the Soviet economy

were forced to allow prices to rise and thus to recognize that the value of Soviet money had suffered a severe decline and that inflation had indeed occurred.

While it is true that a totalitarian state can resist a self-generating rise in prices in a way which is not feasible for a free capitalistic economy, the leaders of totalitarian states are always under the temptation of attempting to secure ever greater funds from a source which seems at first to be so unlimited. If the National Socialists yield to the temptation of expanding money and credit beyond the point where the optimum employment of productive resources is attained it can be expected that the Soviet inflationary experience will be repeated. The evidence indicates that in Germany this limit has been reached in carrying the program of rearmament to its present stage. The attempt to construct a whole series of new industries to produce materials formerly imported from abroad seems likely to push the German government into inflation which cannot be disguised. If this new Four Year Plan is to be financed simply by a still further expansion of bank credit, while prices are kept fixed by fiat, we can be sure that the queues of people waiting their turn to buy rationed goods will appear in Berlin just as they appeared in Moscow under similar circumstances.

The most striking conclusion which can be drawn from the experience of both the National Socialist and the Soviet forms of the totalitarian state in financing great programs of rearmament and of capital construction is that the power of the state to direct the activities of industrial enterprises is essential to the success of such a program. The greater the program to be carried out, the more essential it is that the power of the state shall control all phases of economic life. Consequently, we can expect that there will be an even wider domination of industry by the state in Germany as the program looking towards military self-sufficiency is pushed forward.

The National Socialist system for the control of industry was not instituted primarily to facilitate the financing of rearmament, even though the system of control is so vital to it. State control of the economic system begins with the direction of the kinds of crops which farmers must raise and the quotas which they must deliver at fixed prices to the state. It extends over capital investment, production, wages, prices and dividends in industry. It includes control



over imports and exports. It does not end with regulation of retail prices but includes some types of food rationing and some direction of expenditures for consumption goods by individuals.

Although the National Socialist system of control functions just as effectively in subordinating industry to the state as does the Soviet system, there are certain immediate advantages which the National Socialist system has. The National Socialists have not had to go through the painfully slow business of training a new personnel for the management of industry to replace the "liquidated" former management as in Soviet Russia. As a result, German industry has not had to endure a long interregnum during which technical efficiency remained at a low ebb.

Any advantages of an economic order "planned" or directed by the state are counterbalanced in greater or less degree by the loss of autonomy suffered by industrial enterprises. Desperate efforts have been made in Russia to restore some degree of initiative to the directors of industries in order to avoid the paralysis which comes from an attempt to control industry in detail by central authority. The National Socialists, by contrast, retained a degree of industrial autonomy through the maintenance of the outward forms of private property and the retention of the greater fraction of the former managing personnel.

Dispatches from Germany which record the progressive extension of economic control by the state are often interpreted to mean that Germany is moving towards communism. Dispatches from Russia telling of increased authority and compensation for the managers of Soviet industry on the other hand are often offered as evidence of the imminent recrudescence of capitalism in Russia. These dispatches read alongside each other with such interpretations naturally produce bewilderment. Are the Bolsheviks and the Nazis to march past each other as the one returns to capitalism and the other approaches communism?

In fact, the National Socialists are not at all likely to become Communists nor are the Bolsheviks returning to capitalism. Instead there appear to be evolving in Germany and in Russia forms of the totalitarian state which, although by no means economically and politically identical, will have striking similarities. The current armament programs are driving both countries from opposite direc-



tions toward this development at an accelerated rate of speed. Whether the economic and political form which the totalitarian state finally assumes in both Germany and Russia will survive as a new type of social organization depends upon whether this state form can survive the impact of the war which the present armament programs herald.

## THE NEW MEDIEVALISM

STEBELTON H. NULLE

I perceived it to be possible to arrive at a knowledge highly useful in life; and in room of the speculative philosophy usually taught in the schools, to discover a practical, by means of which, knowing the force and action of fire, water, air, the stars, the heavens, and all the other bodies that surround us, as distinctly as we know the various crafts of our artisans, we might also apply them in the same way to all the uses to which they are adapted, and thus render ourselves the lords and possessors of nature.—*Descartes*.

SO WROTE the great Descartes as he turned scornfully away from the medieval world of schoolmen and clerics and, like one of Rider Haggard's high-souled heroes, plunged into the Unknown, the new world of Nature, with only the inner authority of reason as his guide. In the same search for the Promised Land, many of us have been content to follow him, and think of this earlier world as being left far behind by modern "progress": "Dim unhappy far-off days, and battles long ago."

Consoling and flattering as this attitude may be, it is no longer, if ever, altogether tenable, and many of us are now realizing that such is the case and are beginning to view with alarm what may be called the "new Medievalism." A few years ago we could lay down certain broad contrasts which marked off medieval from modern times; now one begins to have disturbing doubts. It is not that much of the Middle Ages never did die out. Such things as hereditary aristocracy, the belief in magic, and other vestiges survived the great alterations of the last five centuries. This new medievalism is not vestigial but a recrudescence, a renascent upsurge.

At least from the eighteenth century on, history has been written and thought of too much in terms of progress and advancement. But when all is said, despite the vast changes that have taken place in the modern world, it is just as reasonable to think in terms of the static, constant and conservative factors of history. In their enthusiastic preoccupation with superficial stirrings on the Heraclitean stream of events, historians have too often failed to call attention to the fundamental and tedious sameness of the ways of man from age to age. Yet it is this which gives history its unity.

We are told the Middle Ages was a period of a thousand years, roughly, lying between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries. Now generalizations on such a large space of time are bound to be more or less misleading. What is true of the tenth century would not be true, necessarily, of the fifteenth, and conditions in an ancient reservoir of civilization such as Italy would differ considerably in detail from those of pioneering northern Europe. Mountainous Castile or Scotland would stand in contrast with richer lands under tillage. Moreover, it is easy to fall into the error of culling examples from thirty generations and then finding parallels in our own. Precedents for almost anything can be found in the past. Nevertheless, with these facts in mind and speaking broadly, there would seem to be some generalizations as to the Middle Ages which may be safely made and certain parallels between those times and ours legitimately drawn.

To begin with, it was a period of comparative poverty, with the majority of men, emerging slowly from semi-barbarism, banded together and living directly from the soil in a hand to mouth sort of way, constantly at grips with an arbitrary and fickle Mother Nature. For the sake of security and to regulate the common store in the face of scarcity and danger, men regimented themselves first of all into two main divisions, the men on horseback and the peasantry; that is to say, those who fought and those who toiled. As time passed and with it some of the poverty and danger, further differentiations took place, but always in accord with the principle of regimentation. Commerce and industry for the most part went on in a small way locally, employing but little capital and with each group or community jealously guarding its individual interests. Economic life, then, was simple and comprehensible to the many, in whose hands, either on the manor or in the gild, control largely rested.

On the political side, the medieval period was characterized throughout by divided sovereignty, with monarchs, feudality, and churchmen engaged in a perpetual scuffle over their respective shares. The revenues of the undeveloped monarchies were scanty, and the kings were too much distracted by the struggle with their enemies to rule effectively. The result was chronic violence, with the harassed state returning blow for blow.

Thirdly, it was a period in which, at its maturity, something like

a unified philosophy of life was attained, in which all the elements of culture were brought together in a mighty synthesis. The catalytic agent which made this possible was that aspect of culture which alone seems able to effect the unity of the human spirit—religion. In other words, Christianity was the central Idea to which all the other aspects of life were assimilated. Art, science, philosophy, business, all were blessed and guaranteed and given meaning by the Church so long as they lent themselves to salvation, the divine purpose to which all earthly things were subordinated.

But those traditional truths and values upon which the Church had placed her seal were not left to be accepted or rejected, for there was a regimentation of minds as well as of bodies. Views that could not be made to fit into this harmonious pattern were cast aside, and bold, unconventional thinkers such as Berengar, Roscellin, and Abelard were made to realize their errors. The individual was thought of as existing not for himself but for the group—his manor, his corporation, his convent, his order—which enriched his life and gave it meaning in return for services according to his station. Above all, he existed in and for the great society of Christendom, the mystic body of Christ, and that society for him.

Now it is the contention of the writer that, as fear and poverty once more stalk the world, we "moderns" are witnessing some interesting parallels to, if not indeed a revival of, this order of things, an order which we were taught to think of as dead and gone. Medievalism, far from ending centuries ago, is in many ways coming alive again before our eyes. To a world which had grown used to unprecedented riches and security came war, want, and discouragement. Normal enough to the Middle Ages, these things appear to us as sheer disaster, and in the face of them the rules and values that were (apparently) held in high esteem in times of peace and plenty are gradually giving way to those that were familiar to our medieval forbears. The elemental man, who finds reverence for authority, intolerance, oversimplification and ready-made thinking congenial, but who will pay lip-service to their opposites as long as he is secure, is scenting danger. He becomes suspicious of and hostile to any menace to herd-living and requires little provocation to turn to violence and coercion. Like his ancestors in the Middle Ages, he takes refuge in a ready-made philosophy which, because it saves him

the distress of thinking and promises to restore his material and moral well-being, he is willing to impose upon the rest of society. A wide variety of evidence, drawn from the cultural and political life of our times, amply demonstrates that this view is neither superficial nor imaginary.

Nowhere is this rising tide of medievalism more conspicuous than in the intellectual sphere. Until lately, private judgment would have commended itself as a precious thing to all but doctrinaires. It seemed to be a right vindicated once and for all since the Reformation, that crushing blow to the greatest of all established authorities. Yet today, throughout the world, there are millions who would deny this fiercely, violently. This hostility manifests itself first of all in the revival of dogma. Bacon struck the true modern note when he said: "Truth is the daughter not of authority but of Time." But our new Medievalists, like Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich medico, are coming to teach their "haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith."

The Communist and Fascist of today share with their medieval forbears a common temper of mind, the kind of mind to which dogmatism and oversimplification are congenial. The same child-like surrender to established truths is characteristic of them all. To none of them are openmindedness and detachment important. To the Marxist such concepts are superstitions and "liberal-bourgeois" superstitions at that! Just as medieval man found the pride of intellectuality sinful and perilous to the soul, so too these are counter-revolutionary and dangerous to the simple faith of our new doctrinaires. The modern Fascist or Communist has the same vast pity and contempt for the views of the "discredited" liberal as had so many medieval men for discredited pagans. Each has a purer and higher truth. Cromwell's appeal to the Covenanters before Dunbar, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken," would fall on the same deaf ears. The important thing is sound doctrine and the assurance that neither that first liberal, Lucifer, the common foe of medieval man, nor his latest successor will get aid or comfort.

Perhaps because Russia was, in the twentieth century, still so largely medieval, we have in orthodox Soviet communism what is undoubtedly the most complete revival of dogma. All thought

is confined within the framework laid down by Marx and Lenin, just as orthodox thinking in the Middle Ages was not allowed to stray beyond the limits of theological dialectic. The high privilege of detached, independent thought, of fearlessly judging all things for one's self, of "seeing the other side," is limited in both cases to fixed authoritative patterns. By a process of oversimplification which he shared with Christian doctrinaires, Marx turned history into melodrama, treating it as the endless spectacle of class conflict. The complex of "reality" he reduced to a lunar landscape of stark black and white, with men falling into the ranks of exploiters and exploited, just as above the portals of the Gothic cathedral of Bourges men are eternally parted by the Last Judgment into the saved and the damned. Criticism and experimental solutions are repudiated, and in their place a single panacea is offered to the world at large.

The doctrine of dialectic materialism with its Hegelian triad, so reminiscent of the Trinity, is as incapable of demonstration as that of transubstantiation, and the eschatological "withering of the state" as apocalyptic as heaven and judgment in Christian dogma. The vague obscurities of the very words are as mystifying to the humble followers of the cult as the thought and language of Aquinas' *Summae*, although the flood of exegetical and controversial writing already rivals the theology shelves of a secondhand bookshop.

Now when a group has discovered final truth in a complete philosophy of life, there need be no further search. For those who persist, whether in medieval France or modern Russia, Germany or Italy, violence and persecution are in store; bludgeons or machine-guns (as the case may be) take the place of reasonable argument in the name of truth. As Leonard Woolf has recently written, "In many countries the use of reason and intelligence is legally treason, a criminal offence punished with imprisonment, corporal punishment or death." The Russians liquidated the kulaks, and the thirteenth century Christians slaughtered the wretched Albigensians with practically the same high motive. It is instructive to observe that the revival of medievalism is accompanied in Germany and elsewhere by renewed persecution of the Jew. There is no nonsense about these new people. Their writings seem devoid of a sense of humor regarding their doings, another characteristic whose counterpart is to be seen in so much of the literature of the Middle

Ages. A sense of humor is an expression of the modern spirit, which casts a perspective eye at all its values. A ripe sense of humor is incompatible with violence.

Neither in "Gothic" Europe nor in modern Russia or Italy is the importance of "personality" or the uniqueness of the individual regarded as sacred. The individual counts only as a member of a group, as implied in the very words Fascist, Communist, and National Socialist. Instead, as Krutch has put it, "standardization of thoughts, opinions, tastes, desires and aims about a common norm supplied by the common denominator of humanity in the mass" is what is promoted.

When internal affliction or external threats have roused the fears and apprehensions of the majority, it tends to become bigoted, intolerant, and fanatical. The same is true of a dogmatic minority which has seized leadership and power and imposes its system by force. In either case the man who refuses to fit himself into the prevailing system is savagely attacked, and as we have either an Inquisition backed by the force of public opinion as in medieval times, or a secret police abetted by bands of shirted ruffians stamping out the opposition, the one for the glory of God and the other for that of the totalitarian state. The *traditores lapsi*, the heretics worse than infidels, are the special objects of persecution, so that the Revisionists in Russia and the Syndicalists in Italy share the fate of the Priscillianists and Spiritual Franciscans.

It would seem that individuality, freedom of thought, and the disinterested pursuit of knowledge—the hard-won goods of civilized men, the dream of Socrates, Erasmus and Voltaire—are luxuries that are tolerable only in times of plenty and security, and now that we have neither we can no longer afford such things.

Closely connected with the revival of dogma is the growing tendency to appeal to prejudice, emotionalism, and misleading propaganda generally. So far has this gone in recent times that it is doubtful whether there is not more downright prejudice and rejection of thorough thinking on the part of the majority than in the thirteenth century. One has only to recall the extremes to which supposedly thoughtful men and women have gone of late in accepting the most arrant nonsense regarding race, diet, education, economics, athletics, sex, prohibition, or the Versailles Treaty to



question at least the notion of the superior critical outlook of moderns and the gullibility of our medieval ancestors. Professor Robert A. Millikan, speaking to the American Association for the Advancement of Science two years ago, is reported to have declared roundly:

I venture the prediction that our present age, because of its craze for the new regardless of the true, will be looked upon by our children's children with more amazement and ridicule than we ourselves feel because of the credulity of the Middle Ages or the smugness and hypocrisy of the Victorian age.<sup>1</sup>

All this rushing of intellectuals and simple folk alike into the latest "cause" is, no doubt, symptomatic of men's restlessness and uncertainty, of their ripeness for a savior and a unified philosophy of life.

On all sides we are exposed to an incessant and ruthless pressure of mass-suggestion, salesmanship and publicity of all kinds, coming from both public and private sources, appealing to our credulity and pandering to our every emotion. "It is the age," as Julian Huxley well says, "when information has been most widely diffused and yet the age in which the sources of information have been most successfully tampered with for the purposes of deliberate and one-sided propaganda." Were this confined to the furtherance of merely private interests and ambitions the menace would be serious enough; but in an ever increasing number of countries the whole power of the state is employed through the agencies of public education and communication to mobilize mass-psychology for the purposes of national culture, trade, or the preparation for war. The director of journalism at Washington and Lee University went so far as to write not long ago that

In the name of nationalism, the fetish of the decade, freedom of speech and the press has already been denied to approximately nine-tenths of the world population, including the population of Russia, China, Japan, Germany, Italy, Austria, most colonial possessions, the smaller states of the Balkans and South America.<sup>2</sup>

Medieval education had not in mind the aristocratic ideal of the free, enlightened amateur, or the achievement of human excellence

<sup>1</sup> New York *Herald-Tribune*, Dec. 30, 1934.

<sup>2</sup> O. W. Riegel, *Mobilizing for Chaos: The Story of the New Propaganda* (New Haven, 1934).



for its own sake. Its purpose, as H. G. Wells has said, was "not release, not an invitation to participate, but the subjugation of minds." It sought chiefly to produce a servant of the Church in her divine mission—a priest. His training was directed to a definite end and calculated to mold him to a fixed type. To be sure, even in modern times education has been too much committed, more or less consciously, to a system which is an end in itself, the production of "good citizens" or the training of professional men. With the rapid growth of popular education this tendency has been on the increase in the last hundred years. But today in most of the places mentioned, the state has gone far beyond this. It is putting the school-child in uniform and developing in him the indiscriminating type of barrack-room mind that can be depended upon to do and say the right thing at the right time. It is deliberately indoctrinating children to become its confessors and servitors. There is to be a priesthood of all believers in the cult of the state.

Illustrations of the nature of the sort of education which is the means to an end are met with almost daily in the news from Europe, and nowhere better than in an announcement of the Nazi Minister of Education "that the future basis of all studies in German universities would be the Nazi racial theories, and that students will be expected to devote the first two semesters of their university course to the racial fundamentals of all knowledge."<sup>8</sup>

So difficult to communicate are the new truths through the ordinary channels of reason and proof that it is often necessary to resort to symbolism, that lower order of thought where reason and logic are suspended. Primitive thinking expresses itself in images, in forms appealing to the senses and emotions rather than in rational terms. It is not without significance that both our medieval forbears and our modern propagandists resort excessively to this method of expression. The advertiser, on all fours with the liturgist, recognizes the suggestive value of his devices in promoting a receptive state in which it is difficult to distinguish truth from falsehood. The practical statesman likewise recognizes the emotional value of symbolism. As a substitute for thinking he provides his adherents with emotion-rousing shirts of sundry hues and teaches them gesticulations and chants. Eventually their followers are unable to distin-

<sup>8</sup> *New York Times*, Jan. 20, 1935.

guish between the symbol and what is symbolized. So it was too in the thirteenth century, when carved stone and painted window, as literal as any "ad," waged ceaseless propaganda in signs and symbols; when monasticism provided frustrated humanity with fresh symbols of hope and enthusiasm. Seven centuries ago Francis and Dominic gave their followers robes, the one brown, like Hitler's; the other black, like *Il Duce's*. Each age had its own fashion in these things.

A third tendency in the intellectual life of today which recalls the medieval scene is the recrudescence of one form of prejudice and emotionalism in particular: provincialism. In his *English Journey*, J. B. Priestley called attention to the fact that "behind all the new movements of this age, nationalistic, fascistic, communistic, has been more than a suspicion of the mental attitude of a gang of small-town louts, ready to throw a brick at the nearest stranger." It is to be seen in the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, in national censorships that place the same check on the free flow of ideas that natural obstacles to rapid intercourse presented in the Middle Ages. And in the deliberate revival of provincial tongues that flourished in the Middle Ages, such as Turkish and Gaelic, may we not see a further attack upon the cultural solidarity that remains?

It is true of course that medieval Europe at its maturity possessed a culture and a linguistic medium which was (more or less) the common property of all learned men; but the enormous amount of economic and political fragmentation and the widest variety of vigorous and assertive local languages and popular cultures, which affected directly not the few but the mass of humanity, went far to offset this. Not until the end of the fifteenth century did Europe produce, in tolerant, peace-loving Erasmus, the first "good European."

Until recently *our* world of culture possessed in large measure a growing set of common values and ideals, which compensated to a great extent for the multiplicity of languages and customs that still tended to divide it. This was manifested by the world-wide outcry from classrooms, laboratories, and lecture platforms that followed the rape of human dignity and the freedom of expression in Germany and Italy, by which this unity was destroyed. In the

absence of the dignity of free art and letters and of uncontrolled scientific thought, may we not see a relapse into an order which prevailed in the "benighted" Middle Ages?

Lastly, in the place of a world-wide fellowship of independent artists and thinkers, we are witnessing the reappearance of unified and standardized philosophies of life. How did this come to pass?

We have seen the mass of the children of Europe following the strange sweet piping of the Cartesians into the modern world, emancipated more or less from the fear of the unknown that haunted their medieval forbears and from the need of reverencing the unknowable. In the course of three hundred years they felt more and more at home in the brave new world and were coming, under the guidance of capitalists and men of science, to exercise a greater degree of control over it; while philosophers and men of religion declined increasingly in the general esteem. To the fat, complacent nineteenth century the Promised Land seemed, like Mr. Hoover's prosperity, just around the corner. Later, as the twentieth century was ushered in, various factors contributed to arouse uneasiness; but the most discouraging thing was the World War with the ensuing economic and political disasters. Economic practice had been separated from religion and morals, and when business collapsed the civilization based upon it was left in all its stark confusion, with nothing of spiritual significance to offer a prostrate humanity. Alas for the brave new world! Again as in the Middle Ages, men felt dwarfed by the eternities surrounding them. Many now felt much as did the fabled dog who dropped his bone to snap at its reflection. Perhaps the world Descartes had visioned was not only unrealized but unrealizable. Baffled by the complexities of things, they hungered for the old simplicities and loyalties, for formulas that would transform multiplicity into synoptic unity. For the first time since the seventeenth century the mass of tired and desperate men began to hearken unto new pipers—the "highly-skilled psycho-therapists" in President Butler's fitting phrase—whose accents were not those of science but of warm, full-bodied affirmation and certitude. Tired liberals and intellectuals along with plain bewildered men of farm and factory lost confidence in life, the social structure, reason and human progress. Master, they cried, what shall we do to be saved?

The answer came with Jeremiah: "Ask for the old paths, where

is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls." The new evangelists offered several philosophies, but none were more mesmeric than the prophets of communism and fascism. They "explained" the past and held hope for the not too distant future, with visions of united purpose and a sublime goal. They evoked enthusiasms and ecstasies, ritual and symbolism, titanic creative energies and emotion almost religious. The New Deal in America, even with its mingled austerity and enthusiasm, with its promise of readjustment, of fundamental changes and good things for all, had something of the same religious fervor—for a season. The spiritual liberation and inner harmony offered by these movements were thought of as compensating for whatever economic shortcomings there were in these schemes when tried. As a matter of fact, like the medieval Christian the convert to the new faith was expected to renounce many of the things that had once seemed good, such as freedom of thought and gratification of acquisitive instincts, in exchange for what was alleged to be better—discipline, sacrifice, and service.

But the three centuries that had passed by since the Renaissance were not in vain. The new systems were less obviously religious in a traditional sense and more definitely political in orientation than in the Middle Ages. The modern spirit is neither Catholic nor Protestant, but secular. A terrestrial Utopia is the "political surrogate of Christianity." The new unity was imminent, not transcendent. It was to be supplied not by the authority of the Church but by the omnipotent State, the Hegelian state which is an end in itself, "the Divine Idea as it exists on earth," the "realization of the ethical idea." One is reminded of the words of John Stuart Mill after the works of Bentham had come to him with what was almost the force of revelation:

When I laid down the last volume . . . I had become a different being. The "principle of utility" . . . gave unity to my conception of things. I now had opinions; a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one of the best senses of the word, a religion, the inculcation and diffusion of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life.

Change a name and a credo and these words might describe the conversion of millions today. If it be objected that such people have

no sense of what religion really is, it may be replied that this is undoubtedly at all times the case with the mass of men.

As the new dispensations are examined more closely they are found to run true to type and boast already of their saints and martyrs. Thus the body of the blessed Lenin lies at Moscow for all the world like the mummified remains of S. Rosa at Viterbo. If and when the revolution spreads to other lands, one can foresee the translation of relics and the ransacking of tombs in the best medieval tradition. The German and Italian movements, still in their infancy, are denied as yet the propaganda-values that saint-making provides; but the former has managed well with Horst Wessel, the proto-martyr, in life a somewhat dubious character to be sure, but no more so than many full-fledged saints of Holy Church.

Again, the materialistic interpretation of history, the philosophy upon which Communism rests, has its medieval analogue in the doctrine of Providential interference. Here is another dialectic, in which the parties to the argument are God and man. Superficially at least, both theses are simple and easy to understand, merits commending themselves to our bewildered age. Furthermore, in the inevitability of the historical process are to be found the same hope and comfort as in the answers given by Aquinas. Perhaps both are equally illusory-wistful attempts of men to rationalize what may well be as irrational as the vagaries of the clouds. But, then, as Aldous Huxley says somewhere, "Man's greatest strength lies in his capacity for irrelevance."

Not all the religious potentialities of our times find their outlet in the cult of the state. As yet, though, it is impossible to see any unmistakable rejuvenation of orthodox Christianity. But it may well be that our poverty and desperation help to account for the spread of interest in neo-Thomism. With individualism everywhere in retreat, it is not surprising to find the most individual form of Christianity, Protestantism, giving ground steadily to ritualism and sociableness, restoring thus some of the rich emotional content of medieval Christianity. Whatever hope the future holds for a revival of Roman Catholicism (regarding which John Strachey has made some interesting speculations) the present upsurge of authoritarianism is far from having this result. On the contrary, it seems to have renewed the rivalry of church and state that runs through medieval

history. In Germany Hitlerism may yet prove to be as great an enemy as the Hohenstaufen.

If individualism is yielding in the religious sphere, art and literature display the same tendency, and are becoming once more the handmaidens of doctrine, forms of sociological sermonizing, just as they were six hundred years ago. Once more the message of art is to the *Massenmensch* and not as it was in Renaissance time to the *cognoscenti*, the aristocratic few. To Schopenhauer it was the uselessness of art which constituted its "patent of nobility"; but this detached attitude which seeks only aesthetic pleasure is going out of fashion. This view is of course not new; but never since the Middle Ages has it been so widely held that art exists to be of use, to make people better. The work of Diego Rivera is a good example of the new iconography, resembling nothing so much as the more obscure primitives of the trecento, with crowded details of devils (the capitalists), martyrs (e.g., John Reed), and above all the blessed Lenin. As on the Bayeux Tapestry, incidents most widely separated in time and place appear to occur simultaneously and together. Whether we are to return to a "right" convention, a fixed artistic tradition such as prevailed in "Gothic" times remains to be seen.

In literature, the latest tendencies are those Prince Mirski ascribes to Soviet writing: conscious purposefulness and conscious co-ordination with a collective existence. The novel, he says, "wants to be an instrument of knowledge applied to the great tasks of the time."<sup>4</sup> Is this not the true medieval note of service to the divine, all-embracing Idea? Within the walls of Soviet censorship the population is as secluded from contamination as the misses guarded from the world in a convent school. These conditions, prevalent as well in fascist countries, establish a kind of literary embargo, resulting in a mental insularity which is bound to cut off the literature of those countries from important spiritual movements.

Attempt has been made to call attention to several modes and aspects of the impact of contemporary stresses upon our cultural life. It is obvious that these are not really separable but all part of the same complex. The present-day situation in politics, to which we now turn, strikes many of the same notes of medievalism, with

<sup>4</sup> *Tendencies of the Modern Novel* (London, 1935).

its spectacle of governmental breakdown, violence, revival of localism, corporate consciousness, and appeal to authority.

Medieval politics, as we have seen them, was characterized by a weak and divided sovereignty and the existence of a multitude of special liberties and franchises. First came the liberties of the Church as recognized, for example, by Magna Carta, then those of the barons, the towns and the estates. Efforts were not lacking to put an end to this confusion. For centuries rulers endeavored to concentrate power in their own hands. Strong men, such as Rienzi or the van Arteveldes, rose and fell. It was not until the sixteenth century that this conflict ended in the triumph of the monarchical and national principles. The problem of strong, efficient government was solved by the creation of the modern omnipotent state.

But the succeeding centuries saw the rapid growth of organized capital, whose ambitions and necessities led to the establishment, everywhere, by revolution or otherwise, of thoroughly middle-class regimes, in which the monarch was subordinated or abolished. Middle-class policy led eventually to a relaxation of state control, the leveling of political privilege, and a considerable degree of freedom for the individual citizen.

With the appearance of organized labor in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and its struggle with entrenched capitalism, came a revival of the medieval problem of private war. Economic interests, like the brawling baronage of other days, gradually became stronger than the state which fostered them. Class was set against class, strikes became frequent, and pitched battles were fought in the very capitals of the world, accompanied by the spread of political philosophies which required violence for their fruition. In America racketeering and general lawlessness revealed a widespread contempt for government. Since the World War and the ensuing economic calamities, the struggle of special privileges has become so desperate that the very existence of the state is jeopardized.

Apart from brief revolutionary episodes or rebellions, the domestic affairs of Western Europe and America for the past century had been conducted in an orderly way and in the spirit of reasonableness and compromise. Of late, however, there has been an upsurge of



violence in political life unequaled since the Middle Ages, ranging from political executions and assassinations to abuse and vituperation broadcast over the air. In the nineteenth century, assassinations might occur in such places as Phoenix Park or Darkest Russia, and then rarely; but were unheard of as a regular political device in the more civilized parts of Europe. Today all this has changed. Adventurers make their way to power over broken bodies, and once established maintain themselves, if need be, by murder. We who as children were taught to shudder at the brutal doing to death of Archbishop Becket or of Jean sans Peur on the Bridge of Montereau, have grown up to witness the heads of two European states fall before the assassin's bullet in a single year, and to observe Hitler and Stalin at the same time "liquidate" their enemies in such numbers as to make medieval assassinations seem the work of amateurs.

In the midst of terrorism, sure sign of fear and rising temper, the state as it arose and developed in modern times—the impartial arbiter seeking increasingly the greatest enlargement of individual activities consistent with the interests of society as a whole, has weakened or ceased to exist in many parts of the world. Not only so, but this order of things is spreading and bids fair to become universal.

At bottom it would seem that the liberal-democratic form of state was made possible by the increase of wealth and comfort and the habits of order and compromise prevailing in Europe and America. But even in England such forms are less than two centuries old, and they make far demands upon the purse and the intelligence of the average man than any other. Now that our world is in distress and confusion there is a reaction to cheaper and simpler government. Besides this, the majority of civilized men have always found authoritarianism congenial.

In times of crisis and violent emotional stress, when decisions have to be made and acted upon, society throws up "strong men," egotistical adventurers, who once they have drilled a sufficient force of followers, may seize power from the feeble state. This drift to dictatorship is infectious. It is now easier to understand why the discordant Hebrews told Samuel: "We will have a king over us that we also may be like all the nations and that our king may judge us and go before us and fight our battles."

"Today," writes Buchan in his life of Cromwell, "the world



has suffered that *discordia demens* which England knew three hundred years ago, and nations are prepared for the sheer sake of existence to sacrifice the easy freedom of more comfortable times. . . . Minds surfeited with a sleek liberalism are turning to a sterner code." The tendency then is to solve the political problems of our times just as they were solved in the Middle Ages: by committing real power not to parliaments and meetings of the people but to a single master; by substituting regimentation for free-choice, dogma for experimentation. Once again the Roman authoritarian pattern which haunted medieval publicists is supplanting the Greek ideal of toleration and compromise. For although representative government was in origin a medieval device, it remained for modern times to give it genuine application. Medieval parliaments were in effect what they are today in many places, the tools of kings and factions, existing as Professor Pollard says "to recognize the *fait accompli* but not to accomplish it."

Closely associated with the drift towards monarchy is the revival of a hypertrophied nationalism, the political counterpart and concomitant of the intellectual parochialism already noted and the modern equivalent of the fragmentation of the Middle Ages. Under the influence of this spirit the growing sense of European unity and concord has been shattered, and once more the Continent presents the ignoble spectacle of a mosaic of isolated, jealous, self-sufficient states, each claiming the same special fealty and homage which medieval men owed their lords. Where are the "good Europeans" today, our Voltaires, our Gibbons, our Goethes? There is not even an Edward VII! Cosmopolitanism today has about as much vital reality as there was in the medieval ideal of imperial unity. European man still lacks the breadth of view and the creative capacity which would enable him to look beyond the boundary stones. Statesmen, educators, and people alike have failed in the event to favor and promote world understanding, and business men have not done their share in extending and perfecting the organization of cartels on a cosmopolitan basis. This same localism of political and economic outlook and the persistent feeling of emergency are what produced the political fragmentation of the tenth century. Curiously enough the very map recalls the Europe of that day, with Ireland, Poland, Serbia, and Bohemia again independent and a

*drittes Reich* in Germany calling itself the successor of that empire which Otto of Saxony set up a thousand years ago.

Beyond Europe the same narrowness of vision is to be found. Even in Latin America, as Lothrop Stoddard has shown, the European element in the national cultures is being discarded, especially in Mexico, where the Europeanizing process broke down with the Diaz regime. Instead of emphasizing their culture as an offshoot of Latin Spain, "they emphasize Mexico's Indian origins and hark back to the legendary glories of the Aztec and Mayan empires. Leading Mexican artists like Diego Rivera exalt the Indian and flay the Spanish Conquistadores as alien oppressors." The same idea is prospering in the old Inca empire of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, according to Mr. Stoddard.

Unstirred by thoughts of a larger human community than the nation, this parish-pump attitude of mind makes the man from over the border a stranger and a potential enemy. It has turned nations into armed camps in which, just as in the Middle Ages, all other considerations are subordinated to war. But whereas in the twelfth century only a comparative few were set apart for martial discipline, modern efficiency has dedicated whole populations, including the very babes in Italy, to regimentation for conflict. Not only is this the case, but once more the soldier emerges as an ideal type and war is glorified as an instrument of individual and social regeneration. In Fascist countries, where these hairy-chested principles are in the ascendant, women are restored to their "true" function of breeding and domesticity from which they had been gradually emerging in modern times. Human virtues are once more those of the camp. Just as in the "dark ages" the private quarrels of gentlemen could be settled only by a duel; so today it is only by blood that the honor of nations can be appeased and pride and self-confidence restored.

One last parallel. "The foundation of fascism," writes Signor Mussolini, "is the conception of the state, its character, its duty and its aims. Fascism conceives of the state as an absolute in comparison with which all individuals or groups are relative, only to be conceived of in their relation to the state." Unlike the nineteenth-century liberal state, which was (rather than an end in itself) a means to an end—the well-being of the individual—the new political dispensations claim to govern the whole of life. In Gierke's phrase, they

"embrace the whole man." Every one has his place, with recognized rights and obligations. Both Fascist and Communist systems represent a reaction from that dominant characteristic of the modern world, individualism, and a return to the social-mindedness and discipline of the medieval world. Not only so, but both of them have vague universal ambitions like the medieval popes and emperors, Communist aspirations being only less disguised than the Caesarism of Mussolini which would restore the Roman Empire.

With this brief survey of the political scene, our catalogue of symptoms is by no means exhausted. The economic and social aspects of our times, which have been dealt with here only indirectly, would present an equally significant list. Such, for example, are the declining standards of living, the weakening of the middle class and what may be called the cult of the Bellocian peasant among many of our new medievalists. Space forbids more than a mention of these things.

We may close on a note of interrogation. Supposing our diagnosis to be a true one, are all these symptoms of medievalism things of the moment, the result of our economic sickness, and destined to vanish at the cock-crow of recovery, if and when that comes? Or do they mark the beginning of a decline similar to that in which ancient civilization went down into medievalism? Or were Descartes and his successors mistaken prophets and are we now, under new guidance, again on the upward path out of the wilderness into which they led us and on our way to a new Promised Land, flowing with the milk of the Proletcult or the honey of the Noble Aryan? As to the first two, time alone will tell. Only children believe this to be a permanently arranged world. Anything may happen. To the third of these alternatives the answer should come more quickly; in the not far-distant day when the original blaze of enthusiasm of the new movements subsides and the inspired strong men go the way of all flesh.

To decide whether these symptoms are "good" or "bad" requires a point of reference which each man must supply for himself, if he can. Certainly anything is better than anarchy, political or moral. The test of any system is whether it "works," and liberal-individualist society is manifestly in decay. If it goes down the same path as ancient Rome, speculative historians of the future may explain that its philosophers and guides set too slow a pace towards too high a

goal. Perhaps humanity is now by way of taking another route; but insofar as men prefer panaceas to patient self-improvement, they are like Gladstone with his last Home Rule Bill, "an old man in a hurry." We must avoid being new men in a hurry. It is not too late, for Americans and Englishmen at least, to choose between the old and the new ways of life. The new medievalism has made but little headway with these stubborn individualists and, in the absence of native prophets and expositors, Marx, Maritain, and Berdyaev (exotic names!) still have to be imported from outside. Upon the choice which England and America make depends the future of the world.

## TWO FAMOUS THEATRES OF THE OLD SOUTH

WILLIAM STANLEY HOOLE

READERS of Charleston's *City Gazette and Daily Advertiser*, July 27, 1792, were doubtless enthusiastic over the possible outcome of Harry Grant's announcement that "The subscribers to the Theatre are requested to meet at Williams's Coffee-House, *This Day*, at one o'clock, on business of importance." For nearly sixty years Charleston had been foremost among Southern cities in theatricals; now the drama, which "had lain dormant" for some time because of the lack of a playhouse, was once again to be revived. A second meeting was called four days later, and on August 1 "Thomas Beekman, Treasurer," gave notice that "one-fourth part" of all subscriptions had to be paid by August 6.

The immediacy with which the necessary funds were raised attests to Charleston's interest in dramatics, for in less than a fortnight the *Gazette* stated in a conspicuous article that on the tenth of August the ground had been surveyed for the new structure, and the "cornerstone of the foundation is to be laid the 20 inst."

This was not Charleston's first theatre—the first having been the old Dock-Street Theatre, opened February 12, 1736, and later appropriated to other uses—but since the closing (1787) of Godwin's Harmony Hall, the city had been without regular theatrical performances for almost six years.

The time was propitious, therefore, for Thomas Wade West and John Bignall, producers and managers well-known in American stage annals, to attempt a revival of the art in the Carolina seaport. Canvassing the town for subscriptions, these promoters, with the help of a local committee composed of Timothy Ford, Samuel Beekman, Edward Penman, and John Mitchell, which stood in security for the loans, secured "monies to the amount of two thousand eight hundred pounds." Upwards of fifty prominent citizens contributed, each of whom was given "a little metallic check" for use as a pass into the theatre. Of this sum, 350 pounds was used as first payment (the total purchase price being 500 pounds) to Henry Middleton for

a lot of land 60' x 150' on the triangular corner of Broad and Middleton [now New] streets, bordering Savage's Green. The balance was applied towards the erection of the building.

West, who had had wide experience in English theatres, was selected to supervise the construction. He was assisted by Anthony Toomer, and Messrs. Hoban, Hook & Nevison, architects and decorators, who contracted to have the work completed by January 10, 1793.

The dimensions of the theatre, as advertised in the *Gazette* of August 14, 1792, were 125' x 56' x 37', "with an handsome pediment, stone ornaments, a large flight of stone steps, and a courtyard palisaded." The interior consisted of a 56' circular-front stage illuminated by "three rows of patent lamps," a pit, and "three tiers of boxes, decorated with thirty-nine columns; to each column a glass chandelier, with five lights." Each box was equipped with "a window and a Venetian blind," and, whereas the upper tiers were paneled, the lower was elegantly "balustraded." All mouldings were painted silver against a background of French white. The pit entrance was on the southeast, opening into Middleton Street, and the front or box entrance faced north on Broad. All other features were modeled in general after those of the London Opera House. The seating capacity was twelve hundred. In short, Charleston's new theatre was a combination of "elegance and novelty," and there were those whose enthusiasm led them to say that such "beauty and convenience" rendered it "the first theatre on the continent."

From the gala opening night of February 11, 1793, when West & Bignall's Company of Comedians staged O'Keefe's *The Highland Reel* and Inchbald's *The Adventures of a Shawl*, until the final closing, May 8, 1833, when Laurent Duresse's Troupe presented M. M. Noah's *Marion, or The Carolina Swamp Fox*, this playhouse remained Charleston's chief center of amusement. Managed successively by West & Bignall, Alexander Placide, Joseph G. Holman, Charles Gilfert, Joe Cowell, John B. Irving, John Jay Adams, Thomas Faulkner, Frederick Brown, and Vincent DeCamp, this theatre attracted many leading performers to the city. Among the stars who appeared there from time to time were Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, Edmund Kean, Clara Fisher, Edwin Forrest, James Hackett,

J. W. Wallack, Josephine Clifton, Mrs. Charles Gilfert [*née* Holman], and others of note.

In 1833, however, the proprietors (the building changed hands several times in the forty years) offered the establishment for sale. Advertisements were run in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston papers to no avail. When, therefore, the newly organized Medical College of the State of South Carolina (1832) set about to acquire a building for classroom use, the owners of the theatre were glad to deal with them. On August 6, 1833, Benjamin F. Pepoon, President, and R. Witherspoon, Secretary and Treasurer, of The Proprietors of the Charleston Theatre, transferred the building with two small adjoining lots to the college for \$12,000.

The interior of the edifice was immediately remodeled to fit the needs of a medical school, but no changes were made in the exterior. Thus ended the career of one of Charleston's most famous playhouses. Tyrone Power, Irish comedian who visited Charleston in 1834, wrote humorously that the building originally erected for a theatre has been "changed into a school of anatomy; so *cutting up* is still the order of the day; only the practice is no longer confined to the poets, but extended to the subjects generally."

From 1833 to 1837 theatrical production in Charleston was at an extremely low ebb. Since there was no regular theatre, a temporary stage was erected in the "Old Circus, at the Corner of Queen and Friend [now Legaré] Streets," and that "barn," as Power called it, served as playhouse. Nevertheless, Power, Cooper, Hackett, Judah, and others, performed in this make-shift building during the five years that W. Hardy and Hart managed it.

Early in 1835 Robert Witherspoon, James Rose, Henry Gourdin, Richard W. Cogdell, and William A. Carson, local citizens, raised \$12,500 with which to purchase a lot 99' x 253', fronting on the west side of Meeting Street, between Market Street and Horlbeck Alley. Shortly thereafter, Witherspoon, "Chairman of the Board of Trustees," and George W. Logan, "Secretary and Treasurer," of "The Charleston New Theatre Company," began the solicitation of subscribers. By March 15, 1837, Herr Reichardt of Prussia, architect, and Messrs. Curtis, Fogartie & Sutton, builders, had the work "going on with despatch, to be completed by November next." And towards



the end of the year the state granted the proprietors an act of incorporation with a capital of \$60,000, with the privilege of increasing the amount to \$100,000, if desired.

As contracted, the building, which was 121' x 73', "comprehended in two stories on a high basement," was completed in November. In Grecian style the upper story showed "a portico of four Ionic columns *tetrastules*, supporting an entablature and pediment," and a porch "protected by a large abutment at either end." Three front doors, approached by a flight of stairs, opened into a vestibule, on one side of which was the ticket office, "and on the other a withdrawing room for ladies, handsomely carpeted and fitted up with mirrors and lamps." A corridor led from the vestibule to the boxes which formed "a sort of segment of about two-thirds of a circle, receding as they approach the stage, something in the shape of a horseshoe." The pit contained "nicely cushioned seats," and was connected with the dress circle "like French theatres." Boxes were equipped with "sofa seats, covered with crimson moreen," against a background of "peach blossom color—perhaps of all colors the best adapted to display to the best advantage the beauty of the fairer part of the audience." Two and one-half inch pillars supported the upper tiers of boxes, "so that a view of the stage on the back seats is not obstructed."

The interior decorating, under the direction of Chizzola and Nixon, consisted of ornamental relief work around the upper boxes, appropriate dramatic designs on medallions separating the compartments, and a large dome "of commingled splendour, ornamented with arabesque and emblematic figures, richly and beautifully executed in the brightest colors, subdivided by gilt moulding." At the summit of the dome was a forty-eight lamp chandelier with strong reflectors. The house was accommodated to seat "comfortably" twelve hundred people.

On Friday, December 15, 1837, the Charleston New Theatre was opened under the guidance of William Abbott, formerly of the Haymarket, Park, and Chestnut theatres. Procedures began with the reading of a poetical address "written for the occasion by our highly distinguished fellow citizen, William Gilmore Simms." The opening bill was *The Honeymoon* and *The Waterman*, Abbott, W. H. Latham, and Miss Melton playing the principal rôles. Long



before the curtain was raised, said the *Courier*, the theatre "was literally crammed in every part; many had to go away from the doors."

Without noticeable opposition this theatre, under the managements of Abbott, Latham, W. C. Forbes, H. W. Preston, A. Macallister, F. C. Adams, John Sloman, and G. F. Marchant, continued for twenty-four years, staking Charleston's greatest claim to theatrical distinction. Lucius Booth, Fanny Elssler, W. C. McCready, Lester Wallack, Edwin Forrest, Anna Cora Mowatt, Jenny Lind, John Drew, Julia Dean, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin L. Davenport, Ellen Tree, and others played on its boards—not to mention the many opera troupes which came from season to season.

Five days before Christmas, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union. Throngs of ladies and gentlemen crowded the fashionable promenade known as The Battery to watch the activities at Fort Sumter. Citadel cadets fired upon "The Star of the West"; Sumter was evacuated; the city was besieged. The embarkation of troops to Virginia and other matters more weighty than burlesque, comedy, or make-believe tragedy filled the hearts of Charlestonians. Manager Marchant tried unsuccessfully to carry on the show. On November 19, 1861, word was received that Port Royal had fallen—an invasion of Carolina was on foot. Calls for volunteers filled the newsheets, soldiers were rushed, and fortifications were thrown up. And among it all Marchant quietly announced the opening of a new season November 25, with the *Zouaves*, French soldiers of Crimea and Algeria, in *The Troubadour Soldier* and *Une Fille Terrible*. Poorly attended, this bill continued for several days; and on November 30, the last performance in the Charleston Theatre, the *Zouaves* were augmented by exhibitory drills by "local battalions."

On the night of December 11, 1861, almost twenty-four years to the day and hour of its proud and auspicious opening, the theatre was burned in a devastating fire (not a result of the war) which consumed about one-third of the city. Of the Charleston Theatre the next morning nothing was left but the smoke of smoldering ruins and a "flight of steps, protected by a large abutment at either end," a picture which may now be seen in *The Photographic History of the Civil War* (III, 329).

## TECHNOLOGY, CENTRALIZATION, AND THE LAW

F. R. AUMANN

SOCIETY TODAY is moving with unprecedented activity. Modern technology is responsible for this condition. Indeed, a new civilization has arisen, based on scientific discoveries and undreamed-of mechanical processes. There is every reason to suppose that more inventions will be made in the future than in the past. An efficient storage battery of light weight and low cost might produce changes rivaling those of the internal combustion engine; the production of artificial climate may become widespread; the photo-electric cell might be given unlimited application; new discoveries in chemistry may revolutionize agriculture and so on. If legal history is read aright, these changes will impose a heavy burden upon the legal order. For the law which always lags behind the social process will have to be brought into some working proximity with these facts. In the past, whenever it became necessary to bring the legal order into touch with new moral idea or ideas, or changed social or political conditions, great emphasis has been placed on wide judicial discretion to assist in the adjusting process. In due course, the ideas introduced into the law during the period of change resulted in a new body of set rules, the methods of exercising discretion hardened, and the course of judicial action became uniform once again.

The far-reaching character of the changes which confront us today, however, raises doubts as to whether the experiences of the past will be repeated in this connection. At any rate, legal trends of the day raise problems which reach far below the experiences of our recent past and turn up for inspection some of the deepest principles of the Anglo-American legal system. A central problem which is raised for the legal order concerns the meaning and bearing the present movement toward "executive justice" will have on the "supremacy of the law" which has long been considered as fundamental to our legal tradition. This movement, which is well under way, modifies our traditional litigative method of handling controversies and establishes boards and commissions to handle work

formerly performed exclusively by the courts. During the past twenty years a wide variety of administrative agencies have been set up to decide questions formerly settled by the courts. Nor is the end in sight.

The public, which is interested in speedy settlement, finality, and freedom from procedural contention, experiments with new agencies and rearranges old forms of court organization and procedure to the end that they will be more flexible and workable. Involved in this movement is a new attitude to the legal order and its traditional set of values, such as separation of powers in government, the supremacy of an independent judiciary, proof of every allegation according to time-tried rules of evidence, testing each witness by cross-examination, deliberation, jury trial, and appeal. In times past, these rights were highly prized. In fact, the history of Anglo-Saxon political and legal institutions is replete with instances of bitter struggles for these rights. Today, however, the public has little patience with them and their delay, technicalities, and costs. It is interested in the flexibility and economy which has always characterized executive justice.

The significance of the movement toward "executive justice" has been vigorously debated. Innumerable questions have been raised. What meaning and bearing will the movement have upon the spirit of our people, in relationships to their legal institutions and their entire apparatus of social control? To what extent does the changed attitude toward the traditional *leges* reflect a changed *mores*? To what extent does the spirit of change go beyond the sphere of organization and penetrate group thinking, modifying the unconscious but insistent social habits and currents of group thinking which are so powerful in their cumulative effects?

These difficult questions have given rise to quite different answers. To some observers the changes of today are completely at variance with the spirit of our legal thought as it has prevailed since the end of the seventeenth century and threatens the future of our whole legal edifice. Others do not concur with this philosophy of pessimism. As they see it, the changes today may be compared with such movements in our law as gave rise to the court of chancery and the development of equity. These movements affected no fundamental changes in the Anglo-American legal system. The basic

thesis of the "supremacy of law" has survived these vicissitudes, and it has continued to insist upon law as reason to be developed by judicial experience in the decision of cases and to refuse "to take the burden of upholding right from the concrete each and put it wholly upon the abstract all." These ideas continue to color our rules and practice and are "so much a part of the mental and moral makeup of our race," says Dean Pound, "that much more than legal and political revolutions will be required to uproot them."

Some diagnosticians of present-day social trends do not view the matter so optimistically, however. With far-reaching changes in social forms and controls impending, they are not so sure that some of our ideologies in the legal sphere will survive. The demands of the day are for an ever-increasing centralization. This is true in all political, social, and economic environments. Both communism and fascism, the systems now competing with the democratic form in a technological age, project a program of social action which involves a high degree of centralized political control. Both systems postulate a new social order predicated on its own unique philosophy. Both employ methods and techniques of control, which involve the use of stark, unchecked power. The totalitarian or all-inclusive social scheme, which is formulated by both philosophies, requires a monopoly of power as a primary feature. That is an important fact. Both, in a certain sense, represent crisis formulas, and unlike the liberal formula of reconstruction by gradual process, neither can survive "except in measure as the crisis of the existing system makes an entirely different system the alternative to chaos." The control demanded by both systems is a complete control. It may differ in kind but not in degree. From the standpoint of basic objectives, they are not, in fact, so different in kind. In some ways they both represent experimental undertaking in what might be called "sociological rationalization." Their attempts to devise working formulas for political and social action resemble the attempts that have been made in many European nations to set up schemes of "industrial rationalization." In any view, their common emphasis upon "concentrated power" and "freedom of action" is vastly significant.

These tendencies toward centralization in other countries may have no pertinence in this country in considering possible legal developments in the future. Nevertheless, fundamental readjustments

on the legal side are deemed necessary in many quarters if a proper solution of our problems is found. In one recent analysis of the needs and trends of American life it was asserted that a system of complete governmental coercion is inevitable. Such coercion, it was said, "is not a function of a dictator's caprice or the malevolence of certain people under a system. It is a function of the complexity and interdependence of the ruling scheme of social organization." Liberalism does not provide adequate governmental power to meet these demands. It is a system characterized by inhibitions. The needs of the age will remain unfulfilled until a strong, masterful, executive state is set up. Then something can and will be done about the pressing problems raised by technological changes. In short, a power age needs adequate political power. Divisions of power in government, complicated legal arrangements, and a cult of law and the constitution are obstacles to the attainment of such power. They should be eliminated.

It is interesting to note that Brooks Adams, a brilliant social analyst, writing earlier in the century takes a somewhat similar position with regard to the pressing need for "rationalization," "centralization," "integration," "consolidation," or whatever you choose to call it. "What we call civilization is, I suspect," he says, "only, in proportion to its perfection, a more or less thorough social centralization, while centralization, very clearly, is an effect of applied science. Civilization is, accordingly, nearly synonymous with centralization, and is caused by mechanical discoveries, which are applications of scientific knowledge, like the discovery of how to kindle fire, how to build and sail ships, how to smelt metals, how to prepare explosives, how to make paper and to print books and the like." As he sees it, the equilibrium of modern society is shifting very rapidly and a new center of social gravity must be found. Industrialism induces conditions which cannot be controlled by existing methods. Out of necessity, the country must be brought to a level of administrative efficiency competent to deal with the strains and stresses of the twentieth century, just as a hundred and twenty-five years ago, the country was brought to an administrative level competent for that age, by the adoption of the Constitution.

"We have," he says, "extended the range of applied science until we daily use infinite forces and those forces must apparently disrupt

our society, unless we can raise the laws and institutions which hold society together to an energy and efficiency commensurate to them." These forces are responsible for the tendency in modern life toward social consolidation, and social consolidation implies an equivalent capacity for administration, which may or may not be realized, since it involves the difficult task of co-ordinating many, and often conflicting, social energies in a simple organism so adroitly that they will operate as unity. Nevertheless, the problem of securing an adequate administrative capacity is the central problem of modern life.

In all events perfection in administration must be properly proportioned to the bulk and momentum of the mass to be administered. If it is not, the centrifugal will overcome the centripetal forces and the mass will disintegrate. In all advancing civilizations, sovereign power, which is a variable quantity of administrative energy, tends to accumulate proportionately to the acceleration of the social movement. In other words, as society consolidates, it withdraws powers from individuals in the interest of its own safety and monopolizes a great variety of functions. It is in dealing with these difficult problems of administration that civilizations have frequently, if not always, broken down. Advances in administrative skill, on the other hand, are affected only after great sacrifices have been made.

A wholly distressing aspect of the situation arises out of the fact that "the social acceleration is progressive in proportion to the activity of the scientific mind which makes mechanical discoveries, and it is, therefore, a triumphant science which produces these even more rapidly recurring changes in environment to which men must adapt themselves at their own peril. As under the stimulant of modern science, the old types fail to sustain themselves, new types have to be equally rapidly evolved, and the rise of a new governing class is always synonymous with a social revolution and a distribution of property." The Brooks Adams thesis infers that the extreme complexity of the administrative problems presented by modern industrial civilization is beyond the competence of the leadership provided by the present dominant class. If this be so, he concludes, that American society can concentrate no further, and, as nothing in the universe is at rest, if it does not concentrate, it must probably begin to disintegrate.

He is convinced that the existing legal order tends to prevent

changes which are necessary to an age of technology. In his view, law is the inevitable result of economic forces. Being the resultant of forces in conflict, it is ultimately deflected in the direction of the stronger. It is always molded by the self-interest, or just as important, what is believed to be the self-interest of successive dominant classes as they rise to power by control of the existing governmental authority, whatever it may be. It is interesting to note that Mr. Lawrence Dennis, an American adherent of the Fascist form of state, also contends that "under liberal capitalism the economic winners determine the making, interpreting and administering of the rules." The present dominant class, in Mr. Adams's view, will not be wise enough to raise the laws and institutions which bind society together to the efficiency and energy required by a world transformed by science. Lawrence Dennis again concurs. In his view the maladjustments caused by monopolies and anti-social use of economic opportunities in the free market are greatly affected by the liberties granted by the liberal system and the inhibitions placed by that system on the power of the government to regulate economic activity.

Viewed in the light of these criticisms, the apparatus of the law is inadequate. Its characteristic rôle is one, not of assistance to necessary social action, but of inhibition, of paralysis. The doctrines of constitutionalism, bills of right, separation of powers, and a "government of law and not of men," all tend to limit power and hamper discretionary rôles. Nevertheless, aspirations for an "empire of law and not of men" have characterized all Anglo-American legal effort. To that end a mechanical application of law has been emphasized in this system as opposed to the free legal decisions of continental European systems. To that end, attempts have been made to remove the personal equation in all matters affecting the life, liberty, and property of the citizen. To that end attempts have also been made to create a situation wherein no one would be subjected to the arbitrary will of another. To secure law that would be impersonal, equal, and certain, it has been reduced to writing, and by the end of the nineteenth century a remarkable paper legal structure had been completed, as a result of these efforts. This edifice had been founded by fourteenth-century judges, expanded by Lord Coke, and incorporated in various constitutional forms. The completion of this legal structure, which was greatly assisted by the Fourteenth Amendment,



marked the culmination of five centuries of striving in Anglo-American law to achieve a complete *Rechtsstaat*.

These theories of an impersonal government of human relationships, with their devices for limiting discretionary power, collide violently with the views of men who believe that a greater concentration of power in some central authority is a major imperative of an age of technology. Under existing conditions, when an attempt is made to formulate a new social policy into law to meet some pressing need caused by technological advance, it must not only meet the test of social utility but must conform to the exactions set up by a highly restrictive set of legal rules as well. It is for this reason that Brooks Adams says that "so long as our courts retain their present functions no comprehensive reform is possible. Whence I conclude that the relation which our courts shall hold to politics is now the fundamental problem which the American people must solve, before any social equilibrium can be attained." In making this statement, Adams refers particularly to the American doctrine of judicial review, which he considers as restricting necessary social growth.

Mr. Lawrence Dennis takes a similar position. As he sees it, the present system is totally inadequate and there is nothing in it that promises a better condition for the future. An all-powerful integrated planning state is the major imperative of our industrialized age. To accomplish its purpose, it must necessarily enter into the realm of force and coercion. Any social plan is compelled to do the same thing. This fact is inescapable and not undesirable. We have it now and will continue to have it. All governments, liberal, no less than Fascist or Communist, has to constitute a monopoly of force or violence. Government is, in fact, a "perpetual conspiracy of power." With these ideas for a background, it is not surprising to find Mr. Dennis denying the possibility of any complete freedom under law and brushing aside any approximation of this ideal, as a matter of slight importance. "Coercion of human conduct," he says, "whether by organized government or the blind play of impersonal forces and fortuitous events, cannot have a quantitative measurement which is either valid or useful. We cannot demonstrate scientifically that there is more or less freedom or coercion under any one of these three systems, capitalism, fascism, and communism, than there is under the other. Under any one of the three systems we

can point out different liberties and different coercions, or liberties and coercion for different classes."

Attempts to secure a complete "reign of law" leaves him unimpressed. He does not believe that an impersonal form of government can be secured. Neither does he accept the desirability of a "sphere of anarchy" wherein the coercive force of the government does not operate. As he sees it, there can be no effective charter of liberties over a period of time. All attempts at government by law are verbalistic delusions and impractical myths which secure no real gains to the individual but serve as convenient arbitrary tools for the real possessors of power in the system. Theories of government by law and principle, rather than by men, attribute qualities to written documents which they do not possess and which only human beings can possess. Moreover, "it is a charming illusion that we can provide a machinery of government which is free of the faults of human personality and which is the very embodiment of moral absolutes and social wisdom."

His idea as to the value of written laws and constitutions, as a saving force against oppression, are of particular interest. In his view the proper balance between repression and balance can be more effectively secured if the mind is "freed of liberal norms, or impossible and meaningless verbalisms, such as free speech, free press, freedom of conscience and so forth," and a systematic attempt made to determine "the minimum of governmental repression compatible with safety for a given plan in a given situation." This formula would be applied by an executive judgment with wide powers of a discretionary nature, rather than by the courts interpreting and applying a judicial norm. Public safety demands such an application, since it has highly variable requirements, which are shaped by the time, place, situation, and scheme of values to be realized. In this kaleidoscopic age any charter of liberty becomes unworkable in a few years, and no plan of public order and means to its realization can remain appropriate for long.

To adjust formulas to changing conditions, a satisfactory degree of tolerance in human relations can only be secured through an executive vested with wide discretionary powers. Tolerance must always be fitted into a workable plan of social order and can never be given or withheld independently of the "imperatives of the ruling scheme

of values." If norms interpreted and applied by the judiciary were followed, these ruling values would be lost sight of "in the development of a juridical science or static scheme of values and practices" which is impatient with the "nuisances of reality" and attempts "to operate entirely within a closed realm of logic—a logic that assumes the realities of experience." Throughout his analysis, emphasis is placed upon the need for a "plan of social order" and for its "maintenance" at all costs. In this way of thinking, the "rule of law" has little to offer that is good and much to offer that is harmful. This evaluation apparently receives an increasingly wider support and is no way confined to thinkers who look with favor upon the Dennis program for the future.

It is interesting to note that some critics of our present legal apparatus visualize a legal order for the future constituted on a quite different basis. Our present system undertakes to accomplish social control through rules and regulations prescribing standards of conduct deemed socially desirable. It comes into action, in most cases, only after deviations from such standards have taken place. It measures these deviations in the light of the rules established and approves or disapproves of the same. Its control is affected after the fact. It is retrospective. In the future, some commentators contend, this emphasis will be diminished and the agencies of social control will undertake to operate prospectively, or before the fact, through a powerfully organized "propaganda" that will guide, shape, and control behavior patterns. In short, the state will secure the type of social behavior it deems satisfactory by means of a powerful mass appeal which proceeds directly and affirmatively rather than by a system of pains and penalties which operate more indirectly, although these devices will not altogether be eliminated. If this condition were to come to pass, there is no question that the centrally controlled, common, mass action, deemed necessary by some observers, would no longer constitute a problem for us. We would have it, even as they do in Germany, Italy, and Russia.

Other possibilities have been suggested, but the foregoing suffice to point the trend. Technological change with its far-reaching social repercussions have indeed raised grave social problems for the legal order and may raise many more in the days to come. All plans involving integration of forms of social control and co-ordination in

some powerful center are likely to result in collisions with Anglo-American legal doctrines. In many ways they challenge the "rule of law" and modify, alter, or supplant philosophies, programs, and behavior patterns which have long been distinguishing features of common-law peoples. They demand a reappraisal of our whole system of written constitutions, separation of powers and checks and balances, and a reappraisal of all long-standing practices which attempt to limit power and establish an impersonal government operating mechanically. The results of these tests, in this period of rapid change, cannot be safely predicted at this time.

An important factor in determining the ultimate results of the present trend in the legal order, is the disposition of the people. Are they aware of the values inhering in the "rule of law"; or will they brush such values aside impatiently under some driving compulsion for "immediacy"? In the past the people have always championed the common-law doctrine of the "supremacy of the law." When it placed limitations upon the church in the reign of Henry II and upon the crown in the reign of the Plantagenet John, the people were pleased. When further limitations upon the crown were urged by Coke, "the common law incarnate" in the reign of James I and at a later date written constitutions, bills of right and "parchment barriers" were created on this side of the Atlantic in the interests of limiting power, the people were again pleased. The idea of the "supremacy of the law" was popular under these varying circumstances because it was on the side of the people. Today for the first time this is not the case. In many ways the restrictive effects of the law affects the people adversely. Instead of securing for them rights and privileges which they value highly, as it did in the past, it tends to prevent the people from getting many of the things they want the most.

In an age which looks for liberty through society, the continued emphasis of the legal order upon the individual becomes increasingly unpopular. This is the emphasis which draws the fire of Brooks Adams, Lawrence Dennis, and other social reconstructionists who are impressed with a technological society's need for centralized control. But the "same obstinate individualism (of the common law) which makes it fit so ill in many a modern niche, may yet prove a stumbling block" to an increasing centralization of power. The Wes-

tern world has heard these demands before. Indeed, it has acceded to them and turned completely absolutist on occasion. Between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries England was the only country which retained the local, individual, legal government of previous times. In later years, however, the absolutist countries went to England and to the English Parliament for relief and guidance in the democratic form—guidance which they were happy to receive and follow. During the long years of absolutist power, Coke was obsolete and Bacon was modern. Today the public is as sure that the narrow individualism of the law is “a relic of the past as Bacon was that Coke’s precedents from the reigns of the Plantagenets, and from the War of the Roses, were antiquated shackles by which a Stuart king could not be bound.” Nevertheless, Coke’s ideas prevailed and carried the ancient Teutonic heritage of individual rights and responsibilities far down the years in the English system and rooted them deeply in the beliefs and traditions of our own.

As further adjustments to technological change becomes necessary in the days of fluidity which are before us, these concepts may not be given the consideration accorded to them in the past. It is doubtful that they will be ignored altogether, however. For, as Dean Pound has remarked, the common law “is the frame of mind of English-speaking peoples,” whose significant and enduring characteristics are: “First, the idea of the supremacy of the law, the idea of all governmental activity as subject to requirements of reason; and second, the insistence upon law as reason to be developed by judicial experience in the decision of cases.” This frame of mind cannot be ignored when attacks are made on the conception of discovery of law through judicial experience. Nor can it be ignored when both the fact of and the need for judicial consistency is attacked; nor when economic determinists describe the courts as the mouthpiece of the dominant social class in time and place; nor when other critics attack the whole nineteenth-century idea of law as an illusion. These teachings may be much more than “extravagant notions of phenonema to be found in temporary conditions of uncertainty in the judicial process in an era of transition.” Nevertheless, it is doubtful that they will be able to displace completely for any long period of time that “frame of mind” which has been so long in the making.

## MOSBY'S MEN THUNDERED THROUGH UPPERVILLE

Prelude and Variations on a Theme from  
Northern Virginia

OLAV K. LUNDEBERG

### PRELUDE

WE HAVE stopped at Upperville on the historic old stage-route from Washington to Winchester in northern Virginia. It is late afternoon on a midsummer day. A warm, lambent somnolence of July pervades the drowsing village, scarcely more than a straggling row of nondescript brick stores and sagging houses that crouch wearily beside the meandering pike. Somehow they suggest a pewful of nodding old folk who sit stooped over their books, their eyes half-closed and misty, while the thundering sermon beats dimly upon their age-muffled ears. Nor do they lean forward straining to catch an occasional word. They would not understand the language and metaphors of the new-fangled homilies of today. Let the garish cavalcade of life pass with all its brave music and pomp. Their heavy-lidded eyes gaze back into the dusty arcana of old time.

The traveler who deigns to pause for a quiet interval of musing will find his thoughts modulating away from the roaring *allegro* of the highway to lapse back into the stately and reposeful *largo* of the rustic scene. Here he will feel the spirit of the past invade his consciousness as he walks through the hamlet whose by-streets are mere country lanes, a hundred years removed from the hurly-burly of the traffic-scorched asphalt. And if he tarries long enough to take the feel and texture of time's eternal web, woven by the silent loom of Kronos into a pied pattern of hours and years, he cannot escape the ambient, nostalgic fragrance of things that were.

You must not think, however, that this finely alembicated *tristitia rerum* sensed on a summer day in a sleepy Virginia village is merely a fragile and melancholy reminiscence of dead days. Rather it is felt to be almost a tangible and substantific mellowness that has body and color and bouquet, even as a well-aged wine that is brought to

light after a century of dreaming oblivion in the umbrous silence of the cellar. When the dusty cobwebs of forgetfulness are brushed away, the precious, liquid jewel of the imprisoned wine will glow within the bottle and gleam richly in the cup.

So has the delicate geniality of a more leisurely and genteel age here been preserved with the wasted fragrance of old time, attenuated and faded like an old parchment *couleur du temps*.

It is pleasant to conjure up the picture of the village that was, in the days before crinkled crinolines and hoop-skirts of great-grandmother's time had given way to the snug, amphora lines of basque and bustle in which their daughters sat for their portraits. 'Tis no great strain upon the imagination to summon up the scene of elegant and dapper beaux that once waited for the arrival of the Washington stage in their plum-colored tailcoats, high beavers, and voluminous stocks. And before them their fathers walked the church way or assembled for political caucus and town-meeting, sedate and stiff in snowy ruffs of lace and velvet breeches ere the cavalierly era had shaken the *poudre de riz* from its last wig.

The hourglass that held the sands of seventy years has run down, and the world outside has put by the old ways of life and love and labor. Yet few are the innovations that have made noisy entrance into the social and economic periphery of the hamlet, even today in 1937. The old mill stands undisturbed to dream upon the past, its mossy wheel crumbled and rigid in a trance that shall know no awakening.

And in this classic life-span of three-score-and-ten that has elapsed since war days, the inhabitants of Upperville have lived and died in the quiet old houses that watch the pike with an air of detachment and unconcern for the swift, passing procession. Why should they be expected to show curiosity and interest in whizzing things of steel and rubber that have snorted and hooted on the highway for a score of years? They say: "Our window-eyes have looked upon sights and scenes more moving and dramatic than any of these mechanical caravans that pass today. We have looked out upon the pageantry of war, have seen the march of the men in gray—sometimes gay and jubilant with the bugles of victory; now silent and resolute with the earnest determination of those who go forth on a serious mis-



sion; now rushing past pellmell in the frenzied flight of defeat. We have seen and felt the wild ecstasy of victory brought home. Our eyes have turned aside from the mute despair of defeated and broken columns that passed in the night."

The few who still remember such scenes are old today. In a few years none will remember what they saw as children from the porches and white gateways of the old houses. Then they looked up from their games of hoop-rolling and dolls to stare in wide-eyed astonishment as they saw the gray hosts thrusting northward with courage in their stride—the gallant sons of Virginia and Carolina and Louisiana pressing on to Gettysburg. Saw the broken host trail back to the south with its pitiful burden of wounded soldiers. Saw Lee on Traveler, looking very thoughtful as he rode by.

In late summertime their chubby hands offered apples and small comforts to weary marchers. Their eager legs led the way to the wellsweep where dusty throats might quench a thirst. Along this pike they saw Jackson's men fall out and rest after a forced march, grateful for a few moments respite under the wide-arched locusts that mercifully bestowed on them the refreshment of green shade, of cool silence. Perhaps they saw the grave, bearded Captain, sitting his horse, deep in thought as his column rested under the trees; saw the stalwart Captain deep in his plans and strategies of war, unaware of the words he would speak in delirium after Chancellorsville when he *babbled of green fields* and died, saying: "Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Sometimes at night after they had gone to bed, their ears might catch the iambic rhythm of marching feet. Then they would peer from their windows into the murky road to glimpse dimly swift-moving lines of infantry pressing on to battle at dawn. They heard the hollow rumble of gun-wheels and the roll of the lumbering wagons and ambulances; caught the sharp clatter and click of hoofs, the creak of leather and the silver tinkle of bridle rings.

On a quiet Sunday morning the shaded street might suddenly echo with the staccato beat of blue cavalymen who scoured the countryside from Aldie to Paris and Winchester, searching for the elusive Mosby and his raiders who sometimes made the village their rendezvous when they went forth on their forays to strike the Yankee

trains and supply depots with swift surprise and scatter ere the enraged blue cavalry could lash back.

THEME WITH VARIATIONS

Halfway up the street is an antique store familiar to thousands of travelers who have passed this way in search of bird-cage tables, carved frames, old walnut chairs, early American bottles, samplers, candlesticks, and the hundred sundry objects of their quest. Here you may touch hands with the past, feeling the surface of age-smoothed wood worn down by fingers long since gone to dust. But if you would stand face to face with old time incarnate, you have but to step up the street a few doors to the somewhat dilapidated and cluttered general store run by Old Man Ames.

He stands in the doorway, a white-haired, ponderous man nearing eighty years of age. His plump unshaven face is adorned with a pair of wing-shaped mustachios such as once lent a swaggering air to the old-style cavalryman but are now thinned to scraggly wisps of their pristine glory. His speech is slow and deliberate with a suspicion of asthmatic wheezing, so that the words seem to issue from his pursed lips in lingering bubbles of sound. At times he may lapse momentarily into silence, not so much to catch his breath as to bring his racing thoughts and memories into line before they pass in review. A generous and succulent quid bulges one bristly jowl and furnishes, at appropriate intervals, an apt and devastating liquid punctuation for his story.

Business is slack on a summer afternoon: a country woman in sunbonnet and apron brings in a basket of eggs for barter; a couple of colored urchins wrestle with the demons of hesitation ere they spend their entire joint fortune on a candy bar; a neighbor comes to ask the loan of a yardstick. In the intervals of quiet the old man gives out the news that he has kept store in this building for nigh on to forty-two years. Before that he worked at a miller's trade in Baltimore. If you have ever heard of General Winfield Scott you will prick up your ears when the narrator gives out the information that the Mexican War hero was his great-uncle. At this disclosure, Philip, who is twelve and ever on the alert for war stories, can restrain his bursting curiosity no longer and interrupts the saga with

the inevitable question: "Have you got any relics of the war in your store?"

The ponderous head wags slowly in hesitant denial, and the rheumy eyes are kindled with a faintly perceptible flicker of animation while the lips drawl regretfully: "No, Bub, I got no more war stuff left here now. Used to keep a right smart of that kind. But it has been picked up pretty clean around here by dealers and tourists. Antiques are getting scarce, too. Folks are asking such prices for things these days, I'm plumb afraid to touch the stuff. Yeah, used to carry a right good lot of things from the national war. All kinds of things been picked up around here and up to Sharpsburg and other places where they was a big fight. I still have my brother's sabre. He was one of Mosby's men. But I don't reckon I want to sell that—least not till times get worse than they are."

"Do you remember those days yourself?"

"Sure I do. I was born in '57. I was eight years old when the war closed. Yes, sir, I remember those days. My brother Dan was just a kid when he rode with Mosby—just a kid he was. I can remember how crazy I was to go along when I saw him fixing to meet up with the gang at some farm around here. I used to sneak out of the house to watch the men getting their horses and gear ready when they started on one of their raids. I had a pal about my own age, maybe a year older (Ed Buie was his name); and the two of us would go wild seeing all the men and horses and guns. When they went galloping away we would run behind until they were out of sight and then come back home with our tongues hanging out. Some nights we stayed out until morning waiting for them to come back so we could hear about the fight. Ma took the strap to me plenty of times for that. Yes, sir, I got me many a good whaling for cutting out after bedtime. But just the same, I couldn't keep from going out the window the next time I knew things were stirring."

"Well, you *were* pretty young to be on the warpath."

"Yeah, reckon so. Couldn't blame her for wanting to keep the young ones away from all that. Bad enough to have Daddy go away and never come back. And after Dan started riding out, I don't reckon she was able to sleep easy nights. Bad news came

mighty thick and frequent to all the families in those days. You could tell there had been a big fight somewhere just by looking at the womenfolks. Hardly ever a time the raiders came back without some of them had a cut or worse. That scared us a plenty, but it didn't keep us away. The next time they rode back, Ed and I would be there to take their horses away and bed them down in some barn nearby."

"Where did the raiders stay? Did many of them come from around here?"

"Right smart were boys from round here. I remember about ten of his men who lived in or near this town. There was one of the officers, Major Richards, came from Upperville."

"Did Mosby himself come here often?"

"He went through here lots of times. Of course he didn't always stop off to say hello to folks. He was in a big hurry most of the time. Came through late at night sometimes when no one was around. I remember the first time I saw him. It was a spring night—must have been in '63 or '64. The thing I recollect about him most was a silver whistle he carried on a cord. Dan used to say: 'When 'at whistle blows you better expect things to start poppin' pretty soon.'"

"How about quarters for the men? Where did they put up when they were here?"

"Well, sir, those that had their kin living here generally stayed to home, unless the Yankees were too thick. In that case they would hide out at different farms around the country. Toward the end of the war folks were mighty glad to get their board money. You see, Mosby's men usually had plenty of Federal money and could pay for their keep. They kept pretty well heeled from the pockets of prisoners, lots of them officers that carried a good purse. Mosby never would take any of the spoils, even when he captured a Yankee paymaster with a big bagful of money to pay the army. He always had the men divide things amongst themselves. I recollect seeing Dan with a roll of U. S. paper once after a raid. Must have been close to a hundred dollars in all."

"Why did Mosby use this town for a center? Looks like it must have been just a village in war times."

"That's right. Only a few houses here then, maybe fifteen or twenty besides the stores and mill and blacksmith shop. Well, the main reason, near as I can figure it out, was because this is good grain country. Mosby's men would buy up grain and fodder and leave it in store at the farms until they needed it for their horses. Their mounts were well fed all the time, even toward the end of the war when Sheridan went through the valley and burned the crops and barns. Right smart of Mosby's men rode horses they had taken from the Yankees, with fine saddles and riding gear that must have cost a sight of money. I recollect a couple of horses Dan brought in. We had one of them at home on the farm for several years after the war. He was a beauty and must have belonged to some officer. The only thing we didn't care for was the U. S. brand on his off shoulder. Dan spent a lot of time studying how to get the mark covered up. Yes, sir, the Yankees furnished just about everything Mosby and his men needed, from Colt revolvers to canned oysters. About the only thing they drew from our quartermaster was their gray jackets, I reckon."

"Was there ever a big fight near the town?"

"Don't recall if there was any big battle right here near Upperville. We had plenty of skirmishes and raids that went lickity-split right down this street. You see, Ma generally kept us in the house and locked the door when the noise and shooting started; so we didn't get to see much except the times when we got out on the sly."

"Plenty of excitement for boys, eh?"

"Yeah. One day there was a party of Yankees rode through here heading for Aldie. We begged Ma to let us go out and watch them, and I guess she figured they wouldn't do us any harm. So we ran down the street to where they had stopped. Ed Buie was with me and we were mighty excited. They had halted down there where the road forks, and the officer in charge was studying a map for a good spell. Pretty soon they started off on the road to Aldie, and we figured there wouldn't be any more excitement that day. In about fifteen minutes we heard shooting up the pike, and Ed said to me: 'If there's going to be a fight let's climb a tree so we can see.' I knew that Ma would be coming to haul me in, the minute she

heard the shots, so I said we better duck out before she came. We hid out in the grass back of an old picket fence that used to stand down the street a piece, and she never did find me that day. The Federals came back a lot faster than they went out, and we boys had front row seats at the show when they came thundering past with a party of Mosby's men right on their heels. There was a lot of shooting up the street that day and some broken windowpanes to patch up. Ed and I laid low in the grass when they came by. We were so close we could feel the wind of their horses going past; we could have touched them with a pole, I reckon. In a minute our men came on and we got up and hollered and waved to them, but of course they didn't pay us any mind at a time like that. After it was all over, I started thinking if I had seen Dan in our party and wondering if he saw me standing there by the road and would tell on me at home. Never heard a thing about it, though; so I reckon he was some other place that time."

"Were you scared during the fight?"

"It really wasn't any fight at all, just a chase. It was all over in a minute, and we didn't have time to get scared. We waited for our boys to come back through town and tell us about the fight, but they never did. Reckon they chased the Yankees all the way back to Winchester that day. Anyway, we never heard anything more about the fracas, and I didn't dare ask any questions at home about it."

"Do you suppose Mosby was in the party that day?"

"I reckon not. As far as I recollect that was about the time he was laid up with a wound and staying to home up near Lynchburg at his daddy's place."

"You have a mighty good memory for things that happened seventy years ago. Recall any time during the war you had a good scare?"

"Well, sir, there was the time I liked to be carried off as a hostage by the Yankees. Reckon I won't ever forget that."

"How was that?"

"You see, we had a couple of Mosby's men boarding at home. They and Dan used to sleep out somewhere whenever there was a party of Yankees in the neighborhood. They generally kept their horses in our barn except when there was a scare. One night, late,

the Yankee troopers came galloping up on a searching party. I reckon they must have caught some of our boys napping that night—anyway, they had some led-horses with them. Lucky that Dan and his comrades hadn't come in yet; been out waiting on some young ladies and got to staying pretty late that evening. We all waked up when we heard the Yankee horses stomping in the yard. When they started pounding on the door Ma lit a lamp and told us to get dressed and come down with her. She had a hold of my hand when she opened the door. We got a good look at them then; they was probably twenty in the party, with a right spruce-looking young lieutenant in command. I remember him: he was dressed up in a new uniform and was wearing a slick pair of cavalry boots and yellow gauntlets. Didn't look like he had been in many fights with such duds. The minute we opened the door, he pushed his way into the room and said: 'Sorry, Madame, I have orders to search your house for some of Mosby's men. I guess you know what I mean.'

"Then his men came clomping in, and he sent four of them to search the house, upstairs and down. While they were gone he looked around for clues that would tell if any soldiers were living there. He didn't find anything suspicious; so he asked Ma if she was living alone in the big house. 'No one else but you and the children here,' he said, pointing to me and my sister. 'Your husband, is he in the rebel army?'

"When he said that, Ma looked him straight in the eye and shot back at him: 'He *was* with General Lee.'

"Seems that didn't satisfy this here Yankee, and he went on asking, wanting to know if Daddy was one of Mosby's raiders. That made her mad; the questions were getting too personal and close. So she answered him right sassy and proud: 'My husband was killed up at Sharpsburg, if it is any of your business, Mr. Yankee.' I recollect her fingers tightened on my hand when she said it. She had a lot of spunk, Ma did.

"The young fellow looked away then. Reckon he was kind of ashamed of himself. He just stood there looking sort of uncomfortable until the soldiers came downstairs and reported to him. The sergeant had a silly grin on his face as if someone cheated



him when he spoke up and said: 'Looks like the birds flew the coop before we came. They's a couple of beds upstairs that look like they been slept in by grown men. We found a pair of cavalry boots that's way too big for the little reb there.' (He was meaning me, see?)

"The lieutenant said kind of sarcastic like to Ma: 'I suppose you know nothing about this, Madame. Never heard of Mosby's scouts, eh?'

"But all she did was to turn her face away and answer him that she wasn't saying anything. Then he put a soldier to keep guard over us and went outside with the rest of the party. We could hear them talking out there, but in an undertone, so we didn't know what was coming next. But in a minute or so we saw them heading for the barn with a lighted lantern to search for our boys in case they had hid out in the hay. The officer stayed on the porch waiting. I was looking through the window and wondering what would happen when they discovered the horses. One of the critters had a C. S. A. brand on him and the other was marked U. S. A. and when they led them out they looked them over carefully and talked excited when they found the brands. Pretty soon a big fellow with chevrons on his arm came back to the porch to the officer and said: 'No doubt about it, sir. They's a couple of horses in there, one with the rebel brand and one with ours. Guess the Johnnies skedaddled just before we came. Had no time to get their mounts out. Maybe they are hiding out somewhere nearby.'"

"When the sergeant had made his report the lieutenant said: 'All right, Sergeant. Bring up the horses and have the men fall in. You, Andrews, stay on guard in there.'

"Then he came back in and started asking some more questions, wanting to know where the owners of the horses were, and how come she had a Federal cavalry mount on the place; and asking if the boy (meaning me) had joined up with the cavalry already. But when he saw that he couldn't get a word out of us, he began to bluster and cuss some and threaten to burn the whole place down to flush out the hide-aways, or take us all away as prisoners. But Ma wasn't scared much by such talk and she gave it right back to him high and mighty: 'Since when have the Yankees been given

the order to make war on women and children and burn the homes of peaceful civilians?'

"Her face was white as chalk when she said that and she almost spit the words out when she talked back to him. She was sure enough spunky in her back-talk that night. I reckon the officer kind of realized he had exceeded his authority, but he was too stubborn to back down. So he put on a mad face and said he would give her just five minutes to make up her mind to tell where the boys were hiding out. It was getting on toward morning then, just starting to get light in fact. We were all tired out with the excitement and fright. Ma sat down in a chair and covered her face with her hands and started to cry. But she kept her mouth shut. And there was the Yankee standing with his watch in his gloved hand.

"About then the soldiers started moving around outside, and I got the notion that they were fixing to fire the house. Got crazy-mad in my head then, I reckon, and ran out on the porch hollering to them to stop, calling them damn Yankees and telling them what Dan and our men would do if they touched a match to a single thing. The big sergeant was sitting on his horse right alongside the porch, and he leaned over and caught hold of my shoulder and hoisted me in his lap. Did it just to tease me, I reckon. He started to ask me about Dan—wanted to know if Dan was my younger brother. I recollect one thing he said: 'You wouldn't sick Dan on a little feller like me would you, Bubs?' The rest of the soldiers all laughed at it, and the officer came out to see what was going on. I thought he was going to give the order to light the fire; so I tried to kick loose. But the big soldier laughed and held me down, and called to the officer: 'Lieutenant, perhaps we can make this little Johnny tell where they are.'

But the lieutenant didn't think it was funny and came down to where one of the men was holding his horse, and swung into his saddle, saying: 'Sergeant, put the kid down and take a couple of men. . . .' Then he changed his mind and hollered: 'Wait. Hang on to the little rascal, Sergeant. We'll take him to camp as a hostage and see if that brings the woman around. You, Andrews, bring out the lady of the house!'

"I was mighty scared then, not knowing what a hostage was. I figured it meant a victim or something like that. The Yankees were a fierce-looking lot in the gray light of morning, and I reckon I thought the end had come. When the guard came out leading Ma by the arm, I figured they were going to let me say good-bye forever. So I started to blubber, hearing the words they were saying about taking me away as a hostage. But right in the middle of the officer's speech some one said: 'Listen!' And he stopped talking. You could hear a low roll of galloping hoofs up the pike. It came closer every minute like a roll of thunder in summer. One of the men rode out on the double-quick to reconnoiter, and the lieutenant ordered his men to form a column of fours and stand ready. The scout rode out about fifty yards down the pike, and we saw him wheel and race his horse back, hollering: 'The Johnnies are coming!'

"'Mosby's men,' said someone. About then I gave a jerk and got loose. I fell onto the ground and cut for the bushes behind the house. I was expecting the sergeant to follow me, so I scooted for cover quick as a lizard. Heard a lot of shouting and stomping and some orders, and when I looked out from the bushes I saw the blue column swing onto the pike at the canter and then at full gallop. I could hear our men coming on, yelling and shooting their Colts in the air. By the time I got to the road they had passed, leaving the air all thick with dust and powder. The smell of the powder made me so excited I ran down the pike after them, but I couldn't see much of the whirlwind. They were riding hard that day. The Yankees had a good start, and their mounts were fresher than those of our boys who had come on the double all the way from Aldie that morning. They got away, most of them. After about an hour our men came back with two prisoners. And, I swan, if one of them wasn't the guard Andrews. He was banged up a bit; fell off when his horse was shot in the mêlée. When he saw me he grinned and said: 'Didn't figure to see me again so soon, heh, Bub?' My dander was still up and I went up to where they had him standing and said: 'If I had a pistol, I'd shoot you, you old damn Yank.'

"The men laughed when they heard such talk from a kid, and one of them got off his horse and started to talk to me about shooting the prisoner. Then the rest gathered around, laughing at the wild things I said, and having a good time with me. One of them,

a big, sandy-haired fellow from way down south somewhere, hollered to the corporal to bring the *execution pistol*, saying that they kept a special pistol for cases like that. He kept a straight face all the time he was talking, and I was too excited to notice the fun on the other faces, so I ran up to the fellow that was supposed to have charge of the piece and hollered for him to let me have it. He dug around in his saddle-bags and fished out a big, old-fashioned horse-pistol and started working the hammers to see if the thing worked. He said: 'Just a minute, Son. Wait till I get her loaded proper. It takes a good charge to kill a Yankee. Better shoot him through the haid, Son.'

"As soon as he finished putting a fresh cap under the hammer, he leaned down and handed me the clumsy weapon. I didn't stop to notice how rusty the thing was. Just made a bee-line for the prisoner. He looked kind of surprised, but didn't say anything. I reckon our men had tipped him off to the whole thing and told him what kind of a shooting-iron it was. Well, it was a big moment for me just then. I snapped the trigger point-blank at the prisoner and waited for the bang. But all I heard was a fizzling sound of the cap under the hammer. They hadn't put any powder and ball into her at all! And there I stood, snapping and cocking the rusty old horsepistol while the men stood around laughing.

"Captain Wills, he was in command that day, had been in the house talking to Ma while the men were having fun with me. When he came out and saw the fun, he called for the pistol and examined it carefully, even smelled of the muzzle to see if it had been used lately. Someone whispered a word in his ear and he started to smile but stopped and tried to look serious. He made a little speech then. I recollect the exact words he said: 'Here, Son, take this pistol and keep it ready for the Yankees the next time they ride this way. And hurry up and grow up before this war is over.'

"Well, Sir, I kept that old piece for a good many year. Had it lying around the store somewhere, but I haven't seen it for a long while now. It was a thing I was mighty proud of when I was a kid."

"That would be kind of an interesting relic to have," says Philip when the old man concludes his story.

"Yeah, but more interesting to me than to you, Bub."

## THE HUMANISM OF THOMAS MANN

HERBERT MULLER

ALL mere pronouncements," Thomas Mann has written, "are relative and vulnerable, regardless of the pretensions to absoluteness and finality with which they may be felt and uttered . . . only the shapes of esthetic creation are impervious to the ravages of time." In discussing the thought of the author of *The Magic Mountain*, one should accordingly remember that this novel is not a philosophical treatise. Its immense intellectual content is dramatized, concretely objectified in character and incident, made timeless by its place in a majestic compositional scheme. Mann not only makes the novel hold more than all except a few writers have attempted to pack into it, but holds all this fact and thought in the solution of a brilliant artistry. Hence his work constantly suggests even more than it represents; it is not only wide, solid, and deep, but resonant, rich in the overtones of poetry. It is, I believe, one of the indubitably great novels of the ages.

Yet it is also clearly a product of the twentieth century and of special significance to contemporaries. Mann faces squarely the central problem of modern life and literature underlying all immediate issues. In a chaotic, devaluated age, he seeks to establish a firm basis of solidarity, to order a system of values, to build up unobstructed lines of communication both with the past and between the isolated outposts of the present. He seeks, in short, to provide a whole scheme of reorientation for the world at once unimaginably old and disconcertingly new in which men now find themselves, and then to vitalize it in the enduring shapes of art. This is a task of unprecedented difficulty. It demands great intellectual as well as great imaginative powers—powers such as we do not expect of the geniuses of the past, and find in very few of them. So ambitious an artist must today embrace an immense profusion of perspectives, an immense range, diversity, and complexity of specialized thought and experience; and unlike the artist of the past he can take nothing for granted. Accordingly, the importance of Thomas Mann lies in the fact that he is not only better equipped for this task than any

other contemporary writer, but less oppressed by its necessity, less appalled by its conditions. It is interesting to speculate upon what he might have accomplished in a simpler, stabler, more homogeneous age; meanwhile he appears to fulfill himself as completely in this one as did Dante in his.

Mann found himself, indeed, only after most arduous self-education. He could not be content with the hand-to-mouth solutions by which less critical artists manage to live, but had to justify his seemingly remote, unworldly activity. The sociological chronicle of *Buddenbrooks*, the exquisite psychological study of *Death in Venice*, some distinguished short stories—he did not rest on these performances but continued to wrestle with the problem of his responsibility to himself, his kind, and, above all, to his society. With the catastrophe of the World War, this soul-searching became a desperate business, the very condition of his survival. For some years he was as artist completely paralyzed. In a series of treatises he painfully examined his conscience, groped towards enlightenment. And of this spiritual travail *The Magic Mountain* is the magnificent summation and the epilogue. Here Mann finally exorcised his demons, sublimated his distress, converted the confusion and the din into imperishable beauty.

Commentators have already appeared with keys to open the many entrances to *The Magic Mountain*;<sup>1</sup> for if it is immediately impressive, it is also bewildering. At first glance it might be taken simply as a realistic account of a young man's experience in a sanatorium—another of the pathological studies in which this age specializes. It is always leisurely and solid; Mann carefully individualizes every character, minutely annotates every experience. His novel is indeed a triumph in the realistic method. And his detail is especially interesting because of his deliberate emphasis upon certain machine products, like the thermometer, the pencil, the phonograph, the watch, and the X-ray machine. Through these Mann conveys the deepest experience of his hero, thus accomplishing what Hart Crane attempted in "The Bridge": through a new set of symbols, unprepossessing in themselves but an inseparable part of modern experience, he realizes the timeless purposes once served by the

<sup>1</sup> *Thomas Mann's Novel "Der Zauberberg,"* by Professor H. J. Wiegand, is the most exhaustive study yet to appear in English, and one to which I am greatly indebted.

nightingale and the daffodil. He makes good the prophecy of Wordsworth and achieves a vital synthesis of poetry and science.

Yet Mann's intention plainly goes deeper than this. The simplest reader recognizes *The Magic Mountain* as a philosophical novel, highly charged with meanings not visible on the surface. When it is most concrete it still carries a haunting suggestion of symbolism; the very sharpness of the contours of the characters makes their shadows stand out more boldly. The title itself suggests allegory: this is the Magic Mountain of the *Siebenschläfer*. The greatness of Mann's novel lies in just this wealth of implication, the many layers of meaning under its vivid surface.

One of the more obvious of these deeper purposes is spiritual autobiography: in his most significant traits and concerns, his hero represents Mann himself. Hans Castorp seeks the meaning of life, and he goes about this exalted metaphysical business in a manner at once phlegmatic and impassioned that is typical of his author. Many readers are misled by Mann's Olympian irony, an irony that turns in on itself, smiles at its own image, gives the impression of lightness and mockery when he is in holiest earnest. Thus he constantly calls Hans "mediocre" and makes him appear ludicrously naïve. Yet his "mediocrity," Mann adds, is a by-product of a scrambled, viewless, profoundly uncertain age: an age in which "a man who is capable of achievement over and above the average and expected modicum must be equipped either with a moral remoteness and single-mindedness which is rare indeed and of heroic mould, or else with an exceptionally robust vitality." In the end, moreover, Hans turns out to be *not* mediocre. His simplicity is noble as well as amusing. He is a better man than either of the brilliant dialecticians, Settembrini and Naphta, and finally comes closer to the truth than all the apparently superior men who fight over his honest soul. "You must have more in you than we thought," writes his creator in an affectionate farewell. "Life's delicate child" has proved to be a "genius in the realm of experience," a hero worthy of even so heroic an adventure as that of *The Magic Mountain*.

This adventure is not, however, a purely personal one. Mann is not seeking a way of salvation for himself alone, or for a few superior spirits like him. He is seeking to express the consciousness of the race, to integrate the whole experience of modern man. Hence



the setting of his novel. The International Sanatorium Berghof incidentally provides an opportunity for a study of disease and its effects—a subject that has always fascinated Mann; its tubercular patients may incidentally symbolize, as some critics think, the sickness of bourgeois society; but it is essential to Mann's epical intention. In the first place, the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain accelerates the metabolism of Hans Castorp—with his habitual irony, Mann takes pleasure in pointing out this simple physiological basis of lofty endeavor. More important, this is the *International Sanatorium*, located in Switzerland, most cosmopolitan of European countries. Thus Mann is able to assemble naturally representatives of many nationalities and submit for synthesis many different points of view. He is also able to put Hans Castorp beyond Time itself. Time ceases to exist for the patients of the Berghof; it is one of the dominant themes of *The Magic Mountain* as of *Remembrance of Things Past*, and Mann seeks as earnestly as Proust to escape its tyranny. But, above all, in the isolation of this setting the simple nature of Hans can be distilled and redistilled until nothing remains but its pure essence. He is cut free from all the snarls and tangles, the shifting appearances and ceaseless distractions of the world of practical affairs. If, accordingly, Mann pays little attention to immediate political or economic problems, it is only to go behind them to the last and absolute issues of human life.<sup>2</sup>

Hence the failure of Hans Castorp to leave the sanatorium is not to be considered mere weakness, nor the novel interpreted as an "epic of disease," a fatal spell or morbid dream from which the hero is awakened only by the World War. Although death and disease have a dangerous lure for Hans, he presently shakes off their unhealthy influence. He returns to the "flat-land" unmistakably a better man for his prolonged stay on the Magic Mountain. His refusal to leave proves to have been no flabby self-indulgence but an obscure devotion to the law of his nature. It enabled him to "take stock" once and for all.

When one inquires, however, specifically what Hans found out after seven years of taking stock, one discovers a whole new range of meanings, a whole new set of symbols. As Professor Wiegand makes clear, Hans Castorp also represents the German nation, and

<sup>2</sup> The Biblical setting of his latest work obviously has a similar purpose.

his story is an elaborate allegorical statement of its ideal destiny. If the present regime in Germany makes this intention appear grotesque, it is nevertheless unmistakable and governs the conception of character and invention of incident down almost to the last detail of the novel. Unlike the Odyssey motif in Joyce's *Ulysses*, it is not superstructure but foundation, not an incidental overlay but a vital animating principle. Its main outlines stand out boldly, and its significance to a German is attested by the otherwise surprising popularity of *The Magic Mountain* in Central Europe.

Upon the outbreak of the World War, Mann felt a profound obligation to become the spokesman for spiritual Germany. In this rôle he adopted the traditional national view (of Adam Müller, Nietzsche, and others) in which Germany is the mediator between Western and Eastern civilization, more particularly between French rationalism and Russian mysticism—"das Volk der Mitte." Hence the two most persistent influences upon his typically Teutonic hero in *The Magic Mountain* are the eloquent Settembrini, symbol of the Western enlightenment, and the slovenly, alluring Clavdia Chauchat, symbol of the mysticism of the East. Hans Castorp learns much from both—but he succumbs to neither; in the end he goes his own way, following the laws of his own nature. Symbolically he achieves an ideal synthesis of the opposing cultures while retaining his peculiar native genius. He realizes the exalted destiny of the German people: "the race," as Mann declares in his essay "Goethe and Tolstoy," "that practices a sly and ironic reserve toward both sides, that moves between extremes, easily, with non-committal benevolence; with the morality, no, the simplicity of that elusive 'betweenness' of theirs." Yet this pretty wish-fulfillment is also a challenge. Like Nietzsche, Mann combats the excesses of the German romanticism and calls for more rationality, more devotion to logic and the habit of analysis. Germany must complement its splendid romanticism, qualify its peculiar genius. And Mann is himself, more clearly than the Nietzsche he admires, the embodiment of his cosmopolitan ideal: he has blended the native genius of music with a logical, analytical prose.

These meanings, unmistakable and important though they are, the unaided English reader is likely to miss entirely. He can even afford to miss them. For they are but a part of still larger, more

universal intentions. Mann's very conception of the ideal destiny of Germany demands that he transcend the specifically German. The "mediocre" Hans Castorp, "life's delicate child," proves great enough and robust enough to represent not only Thomas Mann and his race but all inquiring, aspiring mankind. His spiritual adventures carry him beyond the borders not merely of self but of nation; he "takes stock" as *Homo Dei*.

What in the final analysis governs the pattern of *The Magic Mountain* is, accordingly, the effort at an all-inclusive synthesis. Themes and characters are arranged in pairs. Settembrini is balanced by Naphta, Clavdia by Joachim. Behrens represents the physiological, Krokowski the psychological approach to the problem of disease and finally to the principle of life. The metaphysical speculations of Hans are supplemented by his intensive scientific studies. In this welter of opposites only a few elementary forces stand out singly: the force of pure, inarticulate feeling in the magnificent personality of Mynheer Peeperkorn; the force of Nature, a sublime and abiding presence; and always at the center the force of Hans Castorp himself, an absurd, appealing little figure busying itself on a vast stage, a piping voice in a confused uproar, a pin-point of flickering but unquenchable light in the illimitable darkness—the human spirit on its forlorn, gallant, preposterous adventure among the immensities.

Now, the spirit that conceived and broods over every page of *The Magic Mountain* is in the deepest sense of the word humanistic. In an age of cultural specialization and violent partisanship, Mann is conspicuous for his tolerance, urbanity, and catholicity, the range and depth of his understanding and sympathy. He has suggested that the two most significant experiences of the nineteenth century were those of Nietzsche and of the Russian soul: Nietzsche is a symbol of pride and freedom, Dostoyevsky of humility and reverence. Mann has succeeded in reconciling and fusing these experiences; and because both are natural to him, his synthesis does not seem synthetic. He has the piety of the great Russian writers, their deep conviction of the dignity and worth of the human spirit even in degradation; despite his unfailing irony, he always pities, respects, and loves his people. At the same time his spirit is not that of resignation or meek submission; he has Nietzsche's love of reckless

spiritual challenge and adventure, his willingness to risk his soul in hazardous inquiry. He is at once tender and austere, mild and lofty, ironical and earnest. And this attitude leads him to break down all rigid dualisms, the analytical abstractions that separate men from the living truth of experience. Flesh and spirit, mind and matter, reason and emotion—such antitheses are as artificial as one between belly and lungs; and to make them sharp and absolute, Mann considers not “genial,” even “inept.” He is fundamentally idealistic, he is primarily concerned with spiritual values, but these he would draw from the totality of man’s relations to the universe. They are both flower and root, not merely choice distillations.

To state these meanings and values more specifically, however, is not easy. Many readers leave *The Magic Mountain* perplexed. Mann raises innumerable questions and indicates their urgency—but he does not answer them. The novel ends, in fact, on a question. Hans Castorp goes to war, presumably to his death: “Out of this universal feast of death, out of this extremity of fever, kindling the rain-washed evening sky to a fiery glow, may it be that Love one day shall mount?” Mann does not say. He refuses to be stamped into judgment or prophecy. “I am neither learned nor a teacher, rather a dreamer and a doubter who is hard put to it to save and justify his own life.”

Mann’s skepticism and irony nevertheless are not simply a refuge. In his essay “Thomas Mann and André Gide” Kenneth Burke asks, “Are not these men trying to make us at home in indecision, are they not trying to humanize the state of doubt?” In a sense they are—and it is a humane vocation. It is also a realistic one; as Mr. Burke adds, becoming certain too quickly is perhaps an evasion, a shirking of responsibility. Yet this proposition is likely to give a false impression of the work of Mann. With him, skepticism is included within a larger frame and serves as a means to an end. Although he does not hope to attain absolute truth, he earnestly seeks some measure of certainty; although suspended judgment is for the present needful, it must be accompanied by a sense of responsibility and a deep concern for values if it is not to become sheer evasion. A confirmed and complacent skeptic would not have suffered his travail during the war years, nor could he have written *The Magic Mountain*.

Hence, if one can find a wealth of meanings in Mann's novel, one cannot find whatever one wants. The limitations of his fiery pedagogues, for example, are obvious enough. Settembrini blows too hard on "the penny pipe of reason"; he gets intoxicated on his own eloquence, blown from his moorings by his own windy rhetoric. His idealism is noble, but it is also vague, shallow, ultimately illiberal—Woodrow Wilson was a tragic example of both its insolence and its insufficiency. On the other hand, Naphta, who brilliantly exposes Settembrini's inconsistencies, himself illustrates the absurdity of the logical extreme. He is too often merely negative—his suicide is symbolical; his only positive affirmation is an inhumanly rigorous dualism that justifies Settembrini's criticism: "His form is logic, but his essence is confusion." Even before the entrance of Mynheer Peeperkorn, Hans Castorp has rejected them both, found his own way "between two intolerable positions, between bombastic humanism and alphabetic barbarism." With the coming of the magnificent Dutchman, however, Settembrini and Naphta seem like wrangling schoolboys. Inarticulate, incoherent, beyond the reach of the most eloquent rhetoric or the most incisive argument, Peeperkorn is the embodiment of pure feeling—feeling that makes possible the "roused and intoxicated life" in which man appears godlike. By the sheer force of personality, simple, elemental, unanalyzable, he overshadows their most brilliant talk, dwarfs them into insignificance.

Why, then, does Peeperkorn kill himself? Because, says one commentator, the principle of Life could not exist in this sickly atmosphere. But a deeper reason is the inadequacy of his sublimely simple way of life. As an old man, he could no longer follow it. "He was built on such a grand scale," Hans Castorp explains reverently, "that he considered it a blasphemy, a cosmic catastrophe, to be found wanting in feeling." Yet a complete, harmonious way of life should not demand even such majestic martyrdom. Simple feeling, however godlike, is not enough. Mynheer Peeperkorn failed to see that the rational faculty must also play a part in the ideal life, and is also a sign of divinity.

It is thus left to the unassuming, undistinguished, unheroic Hans Castorp, the plastic pupil of a dozen tutors, to correct all their distortions and point the way to truth. Lost on the mountain during a snowstorm, he achieves what none of his tutors was able to achieve:

a vital, all-inclusive synthesis, a view of life in which all the faculties of man are divinely fused. Here he harmonizes all that he has learned, here he escapes the orbit of disease and triumphs over death. In this transport he affirms life once and for all:

There is both rhyme and reason in what I say, I have made a dream poem of humanity. I will cling to it. I will be good. I will let death have no mastery over my thoughts. For therein lies goodness and love of humankind, and in nothing else. . . . It is love, not reason, that is stronger than death. Only love, not reason, gives sweet thoughts. And from love and sweetness alone can form come: form and civilization, friendly, enlightened, beautiful human intercourse. . . . *For the sake of goodness and love, man shall let death have no sovereignty over his thoughts.*

The vision fades—but it leaves a residue. “I will remember,” Hans promises himself in his ecstasy; and he does remember. Henceforth he is consistently a better man.

Despite his discreet habit of skepticism and irony, then, Mann is not merely a skeptic, and certainly not a defeatist. This scene is plainly the spiritual climax of the novel, and as plainly it is a lyrical affirmation of life. Even the question at the end now takes on a positive implication; it remains, significantly and fittingly, a question, but in the light of the experience of Hans in the snowstorm it is a sign of hope, not of despair. And it is also plain that with all his intellectual interests and remarkable powers of thought, Mann has strong mystical leanings. The vision of Hans is a kind of communion with a “wholly-knowing All-soul,” a communion that takes place through the channels of intuitive sympathy, not of reason. Throughout the novel, moreover, Mann displays a readiness to leave the “saner, chaster realms of thought” and embark upon “highly questionable” speculations, such as those on spiritualism in the strange scene of the séance.

Yet Mann does not join in the popular crusade against, or flight from, intellect. His hero exercises the rational faculty most freely, with great pleasure, pride, and profit. Mann’s attitude is most clearly stated in his essay on “Freud’s Position in the History of Modern Thought.” Freud, he points out, was among the first to announce “the powerlessness of mind and reason by contrast with the forces marshalled in the depth of the soul, with the dynamic of passion, the

irrational, the unconscious." Many converts then proceeded to grovel before the throne of the dark powers. Instead of pitying this poor intellect and trying to protect it in its weakness, they despised it as a base illusion, gloated over its defeats, performed a witch dance about its remains. Paradoxically, they came even to fear it—while proclaiming its powerlessness, they still pointed to it as a menace. But Freud does not join in these obscene rites that his researches helped to instigate; he does not himself glorify the affective at the expense of the intellectual. His own summation is this:

We may emphasize as often as we like the fact that intellect is powerless compared with impulse in human life—we shall be right. But after all there is something peculiar about this weakness; the voice of the intellect is low, but it rests not till it gets a hearing. In the end, after countless repulses, it gets one after all.

And this is essentially the view of Mann himself. He recommends an attitude of research "in which feeling, intuition, spiritual implications reassert their right, and art secures its position as a genuine instrument of knowledge." But he also clings to the "large and trusting and enduring conviction" that the power of reason, which has played so great and honorable a rôle in historical enlightenment, will continue to do so. He exalts the need of "conscious possession . . . the culture of men developed to complete self-consciousness."

The humanism of Mann is, accordingly, an effort to embrace all our faculties, integrate all that is valuable in our new knowledge and experience, in the hope of securing a full, free, harmonious development of human possibilities. He seeks to reconcile the many conflicting claims of specialists and partisans. In the disorder of the present, when the immense accumulations of scientific investigation have been incorporated neither in the practical administration of society nor in the spiritual attitudes of the individual, he recognizes the necessity of re-examining and redefining the whole humanistic tradition. But he wishes, above all, to preserve the essential values of this tradition. In "Goethe and Tolstoy" he declares that "it is time for us to lay all possible stress upon our great humane inheritance and to cultivate it with all the means at our command." He praises Goethe particularly for his reverence for the past and his strong communal spirit in the face of an increasingly anarchical individualism: his call for tradition, piety, discipline, conformity of



the ego within a noble and estimable community. To those who would dismiss our "great humane inheritance" as mere irrelevance, or as a luxury that the contemporary cannot afford while practical problems are so urgent, he answers that modern socialism, for example, "has all too long allowed its spiritual life to languish in the shallows of a crude economic materialism," and has no greater need than to find access to this inheritance. His criticism is pertinent simply because he does not lose sight of immediate realities but maintains an admirable balance between the old and the new, the heritage of the past and the needs of the present.

Thus his humanism makes plain how shallow and artificial are such brands as that of the New Humanists, who simply block off all that will not fit cozily into their arbitrary categories. They appear to regard culture as a hothouse plant that does not have its roots in the vulgar realities of biology, psychology, economics. They nurture their spiritual values as if they were tender flowers that must wither under the foul breath of democracy, industrialism, or scientific investigation. They talk abstractedly of the "great tradition," as it has come down from Greece, as if it were not an organic social growth and could be kept alive in a vacuum. But Mann, with as pious a devotion to this tradition, refuses to isolate it or make it the exclusive property of a few gentlemanly scholars. He is unafraid to reinterpret it, as it has constantly been reinterpreted in the past, in the terms of new knowledge and a new cultural context. He seeks to relate it vitally to the special interests and inescapable conditions of modern life, in the faith that it is still noble and valid even when working men have the ballot and ride in Ford cars, and when even gentlemen are conditioned by reflexes and complexes.

At the same time, Mann respects the methods and accepts the findings of scientific investigation without swallowing them whole. He embraces many perspectives, such as the Freudian and the Marxist, but he recognizes them for what they are: illuminating perspectives, not exclusive avenues to truth. He takes a genuinely organic view, perceiving that the rationale of science is a splendid means but not a sufficient end, that it must be subordinated to the emotional needs of a naturally ethical animal to whom purpose and piety are more important than fact, and that the view of man as a perfectly rational creature who can live on knowledge alone is the most oppressive of all superstitions.

This whole attitude may seem pretty vague and provisional—and necessarily it is. The humanistic tradition has never supplied specific weights and measures or elaborate blueprints for a spiritual home; to sign on the dotted line of Thomas Mann is not to achieve success within a thirty-day or even a thirty-year trial period. He himself pays the penalty of his breadth, his freedom from partisanship, his habit of doubt and humble inquiry. At times he takes almost too cool and abstracted a view of imperious problems, which cannot be dispelled by the loftiest thinking; in the interests of his Olympian pursuits he seemed for a time too willing to compromise with such temporal monstrosities as Hitlerism. At best, tolerance is a beautiful but not a dynamic virtue. It is not the way to get things done. Active measures, for better or worse, are taken care of by the zealots, the one-idea men; if too many doctors love to operate, operations are nevertheless often unavoidable. Yet Mann has not lost touch with his age, nor is his thought ever irrelevant. If there is always a need for the practical reformer, there is also a need for the man who detaches himself from the immediate present to gain perspective, to return to first principles, to grapple with final issues—to clarify meanings and establish values to which the reformer can appeal in the course of his more “practical” activity. Marxists have the habit of appropriating the “long view” for themselves; Mann’s is clearly a still longer view.

*The Magic Mountain* is indeed not even the final solution of the problems of Thomas Mann himself. He is one of the few important writers today who continue to grow, to shoot arrows at a farther shore. He is still an inquirer, a self-questioner, and still follows the path of the middle, the path of irony. He is still wary, perhaps too wary, of anything like finality; as he wrote some years ago, “In matters of humanity every decision may prove premature.” He is convinced only of the dignity of man, the worth of human aspirations and possibilities. But if he is not a witch doctor or wonder-worker, we can dispense with this one absence from the host we already have. Through both his profoundest convictions and his profoundest doubts he carries himself with absolute integrity; and if he offers no dogmatic assurances, at least he points steadily, austere, to a way.

## GOVERNMENT AS WELL AS POLITICS

VICTOR JONES

I

THE NASHVILLE group of Southern Agrarians have for several years now been subjecting certain facets of modern life to sharp and powerful criticism. At the same time they have been calling upon the South, and in their latest book<sup>1</sup> the whole country, to return to a way of living based upon agriculture as the leading vocation which will give tone to all other aspects of life. They look with understandable nostalgia upon the society of the Old South and, likewise, upon the feudalism of the Middle Ages. They challenge not only capitalism but the whole of industrial economy. They leave the impression that most social and personal problems (except those inevitable ones that originate in Evil) will be solved *pari passu* with the restoration of an agrarian economy.

It is possible, somewhat in the temper of Stark Young's essay in *I'll Take My Stand*, to recognize the tenability of many portions of the Agrarian stand without rejecting the contribution of technics to our civilization. One great service, for instance, which the Agrarians are rendering the urban critics of capitalism is to point out basic differences between farm life and city life which will make it impossible for Collectivists, Socialists, or Communists to organize farms, factories, and workshops upon the same pattern. But the point I want to emphasize in this essay is that while it is true that the problem of good government is peculiar neither to an agrarian life nor to the South, it is equally evident that the establishment of an agrarian economy would not in itself insure effective and responsible government, either in the locality, the state, or a region.

Such, however, is not an impossible interpretation to put upon certain utterances of the Agrarians, notably the recent one of Frank L. Owsley:

Once this foundation is securely built, the agrarian society will grow upon it spontaneously and with no further state intervention beyond that to which an agricultural population is accustomed. The old communities,

<sup>1</sup> *Who Owns America?* ed. Herbert Agar and Allen Tate (Boston, 1936).

the old churches, the old songs would arise from their moribund slumbers. Art, music, and literature could emerge into the sunlight from the dark cramped holes where industrial insecurity and industrial insensitiveness have often driven them. There would be a sound basis for statesmanship to take the place of demagoguery and corrupt politics. Leisure, good manners, and the good way of life might again become ours.<sup>2</sup>

This is not to indicate, however, that the Agrarians have been unconcerned with the political aspects of their position. They are all cognizant of the rôle of the federal government in the spread of industrialism. The remembrance of the trickery with which the Fourteenth Amendment was enacted is a quick and certain stimulus to botheration of spirit on the part of any Southerner who is not a corporation official or lawyer. And the tariff has always been with us. Allen Tate's chief criticism of the essays in *Culture in the South* was that, in the critical sense, they are not political. He holds that "sociological" contentment with mere study is absurd sentimentality. (But note that Donald Davidson condemns the sociologist for being political, i.e., for being "ready . . . armed with science . . . to follow reformation with transformation.") Andrew Nelson Lytle castigates the state governments of the South for countenancing "mischievous opinions which have raised false hopes among certain members of the subordinate race."

More recently, four Agrarians have proposed political measures to restore Southern agrarianism. Frank Owsley, in the *American Review* for March, 1935, outlined a plan for the establishment of regional governments, each with more autonomy than the present states possess, which would be given "equal representation in the Federal legislative body and in the election of the president and in the cabinet. . . . The Supreme Court . . . with equal representation from all the sections . . . should be appointed by the regional governors subject to the ratification of the regional legislature. . . ." For the purposes of this essay, it will be sufficient to say that the chief purpose of the proposed federal-regional state would be the "establishment of a just political economy, where agriculture is placed upon an equal basis with industry, finance, and commerce."

The unenviable condition of the Southern tenant farmer in the

<sup>2</sup> Frank L. Owsley, "The Pillars of Agrarianism," *American Review*, March, 1935.

last few years, according to Richmond Croom Beatty and George Marion O'Donnell<sup>3</sup> is the result of the adoption by cotton planters and farmers of "specialized methods of production for profit." Planters are caught between a low cotton price and the necessity of planting more cotton in order to pay high taxes to the state and county. Messrs. Beatty and O'Donnell lay the blame for the high taxes levied by some of the Mississippi Delta counties to their affliction with the idea of "Progress"—of public improvements as "marks of opulence and expansiveness." High taxes are fatal to the tenant and to the small farmer alike; the former can never become a landholder and the latter is forced into foreclosure.

Troy J. Cauley, professor of economics at the Georgia School of Technology, gives much of his attention to taxation both as a cause of the decline of and as a means of restoring the agrarian way of life:<sup>4</sup>

Our tax system has borne much more heavily upon agriculture than upon manufacturing, commerce, and finance. The chief dependence of practically all state and local governments for revenue is still the general property tax, and until a comparatively few years ago it was almost the sole dependence. The general property tax bears particularly heavy upon farmers for two reasons: Farm property practically never escapes assessment, and when it is assessed it is generally assessed at a figure much nearer its actual value than is urban property. . . . In the years since 1929, those farmers who have managed to pay their taxes at all have probably paid on the average more than 20 per cent of their total income as taxes, in spite of the fact that as a group they are probably least able to pay taxes.

Donald Davidson emphasizes the plight of the farmer in a region which serves as an economic colony to the Northeast:<sup>5</sup>

The Southern planter or farmer (and not only the Southern one!) gullied and exhausted his lands, sold his timber, held his tenants pinned with a dollar mark, not because he was a limb of Satan, but because money had to be forthcoming—and that quickly—for . . . [among other things] . . . taxes to run schools on the new model furnished by the Northeast—and, yes, indirectly to swell the endowment of Teachers College of Colum-

<sup>3</sup>R. C. Beatty and G. M. O'Donnell, "The Tenant Farmer in the South," *American Review*, April, 1935.

<sup>4</sup>*Agrarianism: A Program for Farmers* (Chapel Hill, 1935).

<sup>5</sup>Donald Davidson, "That This Nation May Endure—the Need for Political Regionalism," *Who Owns America?*, pp. 120-121.

bia University and keep its well-marshalled hosts employed; money for more taxes for still more public improvements—new roads, new court-houses (with *steel* filing cabinets), and new bureaus upon bureaus . . . etc.

The contention that the general property tax bears heavily upon the farmer, that it impedes the rise from tenancy to farm ownership, and that it forces many farm owners back into tenancy, may not be denied. It is, therefore, an inevitable political question. But Messrs. Beatty, O'Donnell, and Cauley raise two points the implications of which should receive further consideration: (1) that the restoration of agrarian economy will greatly reduce the cost of government; and (2) that whereas urban property assessment is too technical to be entrusted to untrained officials "even a politician is frequently able to discover the value of farm land and other farm property rather accurately."

George Marion O'Donnell has given us a beautiful and enticing portrait of a Southern planter at home in the Mississippi Delta. Mr. O'Donnell insists that the picture is not romanticized. It is, nevertheless, a single case-history, and like that of Donald Davidson's Cousin Roderick, of John Donald Wade's Cousin Lucius, and of Henry Blue Kline's William Remington, it fictionizes or oversimplifies the problem through the rejection of qualifying material. But aside from this point, which is pertinent to a much larger part of the Agrarian stand than I am immediately concerned with, Mr. O'Donnell maintains that the ills of agrarian life as practised by George Huntington are in large part the result of "progressive" local improvements and the consequently increased tax load.<sup>6</sup> These new activities of the local and state governments appear through Mr. O'Donnell's words to be absurd and useless and even injurious to the good way of life of the George Huntingtons in the community. "Small farmers who still bathed in the kitchen in a large wooden tub on Saturday night, and who had never seen shower baths except as they were pictured in Sears-Roebuck catalogues, marvelled at the new facilities for caring for the criminal element of the county population. . . . Humanity demanded them. Progress demanded them. . . . The next year all land taxes in the county, as was to be expected, showed a large in-

<sup>6</sup> George Marion O'Donnell, "Portrait of a Southern Planter," *American Review*, October, 1934.

crease." And in like manner with the paving of highways and the digging of drainage canals.

Now, the wisdom and necessity of these particular improvements in the particular county of "Nanah-Wahya," Mississippi, are, of course, matters of debate. They are political questions. Few people will deny that chambers of commerce, labor unions, farm associations, and the like, often confuse their own interests with what they are pleased to call the public interest. This resort to political agitation and manipulation is no new phenomenon. Farmers and planter-townsmen before the Civil War agitated for government assistance in the building of plank-roads and railroads, and in many instances, as shown in *DeBow's Review*, secured municipal and state aid. There is no doubt that many men in the fifties looked upon those projects as Mr. O'Donnell looks upon public improvements in the Delta counties of Mississippi.

But it does not follow from this understanding of the credenda of political power, shared alike by Charles A. Beard and Herbert Agar, that government at any level, even under an agrarian economy, should fail to concern itself with malaria, hookworm, pellagra, or typhoid fever. Farmers' children, black or white, are to be educated—and not by underpaid and undertrained teachers. There are many phases of child welfare that, even though one may be prejudiced because sociologists are interested in them, are unlikely to be approached again from the point of view of pure laissez-faire. Mr. Owsley has recognized that county and state departments of health must be utilized to rehabilitate the children of the "shiftless" white tenant farmers for the responsibilities and opportunities of agrarian life. As John Crowe Ransom has said, "it is right to want to make wide, healthful, and splendid the city [or the countryside] of our election." Now the drainage canals in "Nanah-Wahya" County may not have lessened the dangers from flood waters on the Mississippi and its tributaries. But floods will continue to menace life, health, and property, of farmers even after the Agrarian restoration if the flow of water is not controlled artificially, that is to say by men working with artifacts. The only alternative is to assume a religious attitude toward Old Man River; to take its devastating backwaters as a manifestation of Evil; to respect it as Donald Davidson's Georgian respected the negro "as another irregularity . . . that had somehow



to be lived with." Life goes "along horizontally: you never crossed a bridge until you came to it—and maybe not then."

Mr. Davidson's point of view may be restated in the words of a present-day agrarian politician in order to make clear its Jeffersonian context. Ex-Governor Talmadge of Georgia declared recently that:

The best government is a poor government. The only honest government is a poor government. And the only way to keep a government honest is to keep it poor.

The Agrarians, it would seem, are not concerned with keeping the national government poor. They would, in fact, like for Washington to assume the functions of constructing and maintaining highways and in the river states, drainage-levee systems.<sup>7</sup> In the first place, it can be maintained that these activities are not local in character. And, in the second place, to transfer these functions to Washington would mean that the cost would be transferred to the industrial regions of the country. John Crowe Ransom has said that

. . . in view of the special liability of agriculture in this country, and the fact that farmers are a class whom the nation should delight to honor, there should be a special treatment for them. It should take the form of basic yet indirect bounties, which would give them the advantages needed for the exercise of good citizenship: government services. The farmer should receive greater and not lesser services than he now receives, and yet he should be relieved entirely or nearly of his present land taxes; for these are not paid with produce, but with income from the land, and the income from the land does not justify them.<sup>8</sup>

## II

All of this is politics, involving as it does the determination of policy. But once policy is established it must be executed by administrative officials. And good government—the totality of politics and administration—comes from the proper relation of men of character, vision, social outlook, knowledge and ability with a system that expedites action and facilitates the fixing of responsibility. This is true of county government no less than of state and national government. The Agrarians, therefore, should bring this phase of rural life within the embracing ken of their criticism.

<sup>7</sup> George Marion O'Donnell, "Looking Down the Cotton Row," *Who Owns America?*, p. 171.

<sup>8</sup> John Crowe Ransom, "What Does the South Want?," *Who Owns America?*, p. 189.

The show of politics and government in the rural South is left too largely to county-seat lawyers. Donald Davidson's Cousin Roderick "would no more think of running for the legislature than he would think of moving to China. In that, perhaps, he lamentably differs from his ancestors." This does not mean that he is not a political animal; it means that, save to those few that count, political action is irresponsible:

. . . All around indeed, are the Roderick kin, for Cousin Roderick whose mother married a Bertram, bears the family name of his mother's people, a numerous clan who, by dint of sundry alliances and ancient understandings, attend to whatever trivial matters need attention in the community affairs of Rebelville, where Jefferson's "least government" principle is a matter of course. Before supper, or after, some of the kin-folks may drop in, for there is always a vast deal of coming and going and dropping in at Cousin Roderick's. . . . Political action is generally no more than a confirmation of what has been talked around among the clans. If you really want things done, you speak quietly to Cousin So-and-So and others that pass the word to everybody that counts. And then something is done.<sup>9</sup>

Which one of Georgia's 159 counties Rebelville serves as a county seat is indeterminable.\* Schley County, perhaps, with an area of 154 square miles and a population of 5,347. Or Peach County more likely; area, 179 square miles; population, 10,268. But if it were in neither of these, or in one of Georgia's other sixteen counties with an area of less than 192 square miles, it must be in a county far too small to secure an effective and alert government from responsible officers. Fifty-nine Georgia counties cover an area of less than 300 square miles; one hundred and one of less than 400 square miles; one hundred and thirty-four of less than 500 square miles; and one hundred and forty-five of less than 600 square miles.

A complete set of county officials must be supported for each of these small parcels of Georgia territory! Yet exorbitant tax levies are forcing the farmer and the planter to forego their subsistence crops and plant and cultivate intensively a cash crop for a cheapening market. Cousin Roderick, however, "would no more think of running for the legislature than he would think of moving to China. . . ."

<sup>9</sup> Donald Davidson, "Still Rebels, Still Yankees," *American Review*, December, 1933.

\* Mr. Davidson identifies the county as Macon (population 16,643) in his article, "A Sociologist in Eden," *American Review*, December, 1936.

During the last fifteen years of this "naturally kindhearted man's . . . indulgent attention . . . to the designs of experts who want to plan people's lives for them" the state legislature has created six new counties from parts of twelve others. Peach County itself—perhaps the home of Cousin Roderick—was created in 1925 from parts of Houston and Macon. One exception, and that in an urban district: the counties of Milton and Campbell were consolidated with the urban county of Fulton in 1932, the only consolidation of its kind since that of James in Tennessee, with Hamilton in 1919.

There were 159 counties in Georgia in 1932, in each of which a burdensome tax rate was levied. More than 140 of these counties received more money from the state treasury than was paid in as state taxes by its inhabitants. Only twenty-eight counties, however, possessed anything resembling a full-time health department. The less wealthy and more scantily populated counties were financially unable to furnish effective public health protection to the rural inhabitants of the state. This lack of governmental activity, where government should be very active, is not peculiar to Georgia. Out of six Southern states, Alabama alone has a full-time health unit in more than half its counties. In Tennessee only 30 out of 95 counties are so organized; North Carolina, 34 out of 100; Mississippi, 24 out of 82; Virginia, 10 out of 100. Counties with small areas and low valuations are impossible units of full and effective government.

This is not an unqualified plea for mere Bigness. There are other factors than square miles decisive in the determination of the proper size of a county. Population, the location of trade areas, taxable resources, community feeling, and many intangible factors must be considered in fixing boundary lines to areas of local government. It is clear, however, that within a typical area of six hundred square miles the overhead expenditures of one county set-up will be less than the administrative expenditures of six county governments. County consolidation will mean one, or in some cases all, of three things: (1) a reduction of taxes; (2) a better personnel secured for public offices through the payment of attractive salaries, a wider area of selection and recruitment, and the increased responsibilities of public services; and (3) the intensification and extension of governmental services.

Specifically, may the attention of Messrs. Beatty and O'Donnell

be called to the proposed consolidation of the two Mississippi Delta counties, Sharkey and Issaquena, among others, as recommended by the Research Commission of the state of Mississippi. The population of Issaquena County declined from 10,560 in 1910 to 5,734 in 1930. The electorate consists of 548 white persons twenty-one years of age and over. The overhead costs of county government, 1927-28, amounted to \$4.08 per \$1,000 valuation; \$3.47 per capita of the population; and \$36.34 per capita of the white electorate. "Administration cost Issaquena and Sharkey more than twice what it cost Rankin and fifty per cent more than it cost Quitman and Tunica. . . . It is probable that consolidation would enable Sharkey and Issaquena to save from one-fourth to one-third of their present combined costs of administration and obtain at the same time a higher type of public service."

The application of the principles of regionalism to the political system of a nation calls for the realignment of boundaries between, and the reallocation of functions among, all levels of government. The regionalist cannot confine his attention to the devolution of national policy formation or the decentralization of federal administration. It is part and parcel of complete regionalism to enlarge the area of local government to a point where it is capable of discharging its functions. The city must be made to coincide with the metropolis and the county must become more than a sliver or a tidbit of territory.

Complete physical consolidation of counties may be inexpedient. One alternative solution of the problem is the grouping of two or more counties into districts for special purposes. Already two North Carolina counties have been organized into a public health district. Georgia likewise contains a district comprising three counties; Virginia has three districts of two counties each; and Tennessee has five districts each comprising two counties.

The first district poorhouse was built in Virginia in 1926 and by 1933 four district homes had replaced twenty-three county almshouses.<sup>10</sup> Many other local functions are susceptible of treatment through inter-county compacts. The North Carolina statute of 1933 is significant in that it authorizes counties to contract with each other for the joint performance of any function.<sup>11</sup> But the establishment

<sup>10</sup> C. Herman Pritchett, "A Substitute for County Consolidation," *The National County*, October-November, 1935, p. 11.

<sup>11</sup> *North Carolina Acts of 1933*, ch. 195, sec. 1.

of special authorities with jurisdiction over areas that vary with each function jointly undertaken would increase the chaos of overlapping units of local government and make it more difficult for the citizen to comprehend and control the whole of local government. Administrative difficulties would also arise from the efforts of otherwise independent units of government to co-operate in the administration of joint enterprises.

But physical area is after all only the plane upon which local government exists. Internal organization is of far greater significance to the functioning of the government of rural Wilcox in Alabama as well as urban Jefferson in Kentucky and metropolitan Cook in Illinois. County government is most chaotic in its structure. Its functions are entrusted to a multitude of elective officials—-independent of each other and in fact responsible to no person or group of persons, not even to the electorate. Governmental authority is dispersed (in Alabama, for instance, among from fourteen to twenty separate boards, commissions and officers) and naturally no one can be held accountable for mal- or non-feasance or rewarded for good service. County officials, as Richard S. Childs has said:

... sit serene on their little independent islands of authority, caring nothing for the tax rate since the board of supervisors carries the brunt of that and caring nothing for the supervisors except for the need of getting the money out of them once a year. The supervisors on their part can starve these executives without being blamed for the resultant conditions in the jail or the poor house. It is not a government. It is a dozen governments loosely tied together.

Supervision as a rule means less than nothing without power of appointment, dismissal, and discipline. But not even by inference does the Alabama Code make any county officer dependent (except through budgetary control, largely ineffective in practice) upon the court of county commissioners. Exception: a clause of Section 6755, as amended, makes it the duty of the court of county commissioners to provide a janitor for the courthouse and to see that he does his work. The other officers of the county do their work only when and as they please. In one Mississippi county, visited by a member of the staff of the Institute for Government Research,

... all county offices were closed at noon, the county assessor was not in his office during the day, and the sheriff was out electioneering. In

another county, the circuit court clerk, with nothing to do was sitting on the courthouse steps and said quite frankly that he did not keep his office open during legal hours as there was no need for it. In election years, to judge from what happened in 1931, county officers running for reelection or for other offices, spend literally weeks of their time electioneering, and in many cases not only fail to devote themselves personally to their official work but permit their correspondence to go unanswered and other work to fall into arrears. In one county visited, the chancery clerk's deputy practically performed all of his work and the clerk himself rarely attended personally to the duties of his office. Nevertheless, he was promoted by election to the office of sheriff.

The present-day descendants of the old courts of quarter sessions may still be found in Arkansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee sitting as county boards. Carlton C. Sims, of State Teachers' College, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, has described the composition and operation of the Rutherford County Court consisting of fifty-two justices of the peace.<sup>12</sup> "The members of the court represent their districts first and the county second, if at all. Trading votes is very common. The best example of this is a series of combinations which, over the protest of many educators in the county, resulted in the building of over a dozen high school buildings in Rutherford County." Is this not "a matter calling for political action on the part of a united farming population"? Is it not a matter of concern to the Rutherford County farmer whom Mr. Lytle has remarked to his fellows that "as soon as a farmer begins to keep books, he'll go broke shore as hell"?<sup>13</sup>

Much agrarian blood has been sucked by the ancient and accepted manner of compensating county officials through fees. In the Mississippi Delta, the sheriff of Bolivar County received for 1930 a net income of more than \$20,000, the sheriffs of Sunflower and Warren between \$15,000 and \$20,000, those of Coahoma and Humphreys between \$10,000 and \$15,000, while the sheriff of Issaquena County reported a net income of less than \$2,000. The burden of these fees should be added to the tax levy of both "progressive" and "non-progressive" counties in computing the cost of government.

County officials themselves are not anxious to see either the

<sup>12</sup> Carlton C. Sims, "County Government in Tennessee," 1932, MS, University of Chicago.

<sup>13</sup> Andrew Lytle, "The Hind Tit," *I'll Take My Stand*, p. 216.

Agrarians or any one else become interested in this so-called government over which they preside. Practically the entire first annual convention of the American County Association, held in Chicago in October, 1935, was given over to the delivery of tirades against the imminence of bureaucracy. Delegates from Mississippi and North Carolina contributed their voices to swell the chorus. Bureaucracy meant to them any government other than county government. The term was used to refer to a structural setup wherein the lines of authority run from bureaus and divisions and departments to a responsible chief executive. Obviously, county government as now constituted could never under this definition be subject to the dangers of bureaucracy. If democracy by definition is that form of government wherein is to be found the minimum of centralization and integration, the traditional American county is our nearest approach to democracy.

The upshot of this convention was that these county officials went home dedicated anew to the following program: (1) the continuance of their offices, (2) the maintenance or increase of their salary, (?) the continuance of the present system of diffused responsibility to the electorate, (4) the curtailment of the trend toward state centralization in rural areas and toward city-county consolidation in urban areas, and (5) the securing of as large an amount of money from the state and federal governments as possible with few or no strings attached.

The reader of Mr. Cauley's book may be pardoned for inferring that he considers structural and functional changes in the government of rural counties relatively immaterial under an agrarian economy. I have indicated in a random way several of the problems of county government that must be considered, if the countryman is to receive either good government or less costly government. And I conclude with a word about the tax assessor in Mississippi counties because Mr. Cauley has said specifically that "even a politician is frequently able to discover the value of farm land and other farm property rather accurately."

That this is not so in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and other Southern states has long been recognized. In the first place, the ratio of assessed valuation to sales value varies markedly not only from county to county, but from district to district within the same county. To take instances from the Delta counties, the ratio of



assessed to sales value<sup>14</sup> of real property for the years 1929-30 ranged from 34.05 in Humphreys County to 73.79 in Issaquena County. The lowest ratio in the state, 24.79, was for Pearl River County in the Longleaf Pine section. These ratios mean that the tax burden is very inequitably distributed as between the various counties, even contiguous ones, between the several parts of a county, between the property-holdings of individuals, and between various classes of property.

There are two reasons for this. In the first place, the assessor does not have the power to assess. His functions are largely limited to distributing blank forms upon which taxpayers declare the "value" of their property and to listing these self-imposed assessments so they may be "corrected" by the county board of supervisors. To expect any fair number of property-owners not to take advantage of each other and of the assessor is as naïve as the belief of the Romantics in the "goodness" of man in a state of nature.

Property assessment, even land assessment, in the second place is a continuous technical procedure. Traditionally, it has been looked upon as "a sporadic springtime job." And the assessor has usually gone out into the county ill- or un-equipped with an understanding of the procedure, with tax maps, and other descriptive data, such as court decisions, deeds, contracts, and other legal instruments which have to do with the ownership of real property. All too often is the criticism of the Mississippi Joint-Legislative Committee of 1918 still applicable to county assessors:

... The office is today so low in common estimation that it is frequently ranked with that of coroner and ranger. It is in too many cases merely the dumping ground of politics; a berth to be given to the hanger-on of factions and bosses, whose services are not considered sufficiently valuable to merit a more honorable or remunerative reward. Else it is thought so little of that a man who would be considered an incompetent misfit anywhere else is often rated as well qualified to discharge its duties. And in those instances, and they are fairly numerous, where a competent man does fill the place, immemorial usage, tradition, local custom and the exigencies of personal considerations, too often combine to render impossible of success his honest endeavor to secure the assessment which his oath of office required him to make.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Computed by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad Company. See *Report . . . On State and County Government*, Mississippi Research Commission, 1932, p. 95.

<sup>15</sup> *Report*, 1918, p. 10.

This indictment of county government—largely rural county government in Mississippi and the other Southern states—was not made by sociologists of either the domestic or outside variety. But it seems a somewhat curious thing that not one of the men, whose lives and whose reactions to non-agrarian, non-Southern ways have been so adroitly and engagingly drawn by Agrarian writers, have been in the least concerned with county government. It is true that the county in America is almost as old as Virginia; that this congeries of governments to be found within each locality was known to our fathers and their fathers before them. No one can dispute the tradition. Nor, on the other hand, would anyone accuse the Agrarians of swallowing the formula of "Progress" if they were to take a stand on the inefficient and irresponsible incubus of local government.

## THE PASSIONS OF WAR

LOUIS PENDLETON

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON is celebrated not only for his pioneer dictionary but also for his "wit and wisdom" so voluminously recorded by Boswell, his faithful biographer. But no astute reader of Boswell can fail to recognize that Dr. Johnson was more highly endowed in mind than in heart, that too often there was somewhat of venom in his criticism of other celebrities of his period—writers and players—and that he could even machine-gun a reputable contemporary with the violent outcry that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And it seems to be overlooked by his admirers that he was an incurable victim of the passions of war, the revolting American colonies being the object of his lasting hatred.

There can be no reasonable objection to his pamphlets, such as "Taxation No Tyranny," which were proper enough in their way, as well as an inevitable return for the three hundred pounds a year granted him by George III. Of much greater significance were his heated references to the warring Colonists in old London tavern conversations, some of them reluctantly recorded by Boswell. Violence in speech was characteristic of him, as when he said that "a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on its hind legs," but it is still more unwelcome to read of the "intemperate vehemence of abuse" he was so ready to heap upon Americans, to the regret of the judicious Boswell. Even before the war, as soon as the Americans began to complain, Dr. Johnson thus contemptuously dismissed them: "Sir, they are a race of convicts and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

Later, when it began to look as if with the help from France the Colonists might win, the distressed Boswell quoted the learned Dr. Johnson as follows: "I am willing to love all mankind, *except an American*," and his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he breathed out threatenings and slaughter, calling them 'rascals, robbers, pirates,' and exclaiming he'd 'burn and destroy them'."

On reading all this, the average American, with comfortable

self-righteousness, would be apt to remark that "we never said such outrageous things about the enemy when we were at war," forgetting, for example, the yarn about transfixed babies carried aloft on German bayonets. It is true that incredible charge did not come out of our own lie-factory, it was imported, but too many of us swallowed it with no little relish. It may be recalled that a contributor to such a respectable magazine as the *Saturday Evening Post* calmly accepted it as a fact. Later on we quietly dismissed our excesses of this sort by referring to them euphemistically as "war psychology" and "war hysteria."

In our great struggle between North and South there was the same sort of thing, war passions and war hate achieving a high pitch even among reputable journals and citizens normally of good character. It has been pointed out that in 1862 *Harper's Weekly* published incredible charges against the Southerners, claiming that "the barbarities of the Rebels every day accumulate in horror." The *Boston Transcript* went so far as to declare that General Robert E. Lee not only whipped a slave girl with his own hands but also poured brine on her bleeding wounds—regardless of the well known fact that the overseers did the whipping when they thought it necessary.

Of course there were Southerners only too ready to retort more or less in kind, some of them with a sense of humor causing plantation negroes to become popeyed with terror by the solemn assertion that "Yankees had horns," the merry liars being all aware of the field hands' unshakable belief in the legendary head adornments of His Satanic Majesty.

Even before the great struggle of 1861-65 began, war passion was at white heat among the more radical Abolitionists, who not only clamored for a new political party but also demanded that the Northern states cut loose from the Southern and openly derided a Constitution providing for slavery. William Lloyd Garrison dramatically represented them when he burnt a copy of the Constitution of the United States in the presence of an applauding multitude at Framingham, Massachusetts, and denounced the venerable instrument as "a covenant with death and a league with hell." He and his sympathizers hated the Constitution not merely because it provided for slavery but because of its provision basing representation in Con-

gress on three-fifths of the slave population added to the whole population of free whites.

They blamed the Southern states for the latter provision as well as the former, but not quite justly. No doubt the influence of Southern statesmen was largely concerned in the adoption of the three-fifths ruling. But it was actually proposed by James Wilson of Pennsylvania and was voted for by all the states—as usual voting as states—except New Jersey and Delaware. The South, with the bulk of the slave population, of course had great need of it, especially Virginia with a little more than 290,000 slaves. Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina had about 100,000 each. But at least some slaves were then widely held in the North also. New York had the most, with a hundred or two over 21,000. Then came New Jersey, then Pennsylvania, then Connecticut. Such is the showing of the census of 1790, taken three years after the Constitution was adopted.

But it is manifest that the Southern planters were not alone in wanting the three-fifths arrangement. The mere fact that it was proposed by a Northern man and was voted for by the New England states is significant. Only a few years before the Constitution was adopted a big New England industry was at or near its peak, Rhode Island alone in 1770 having 150 ships in the slave trade.<sup>1</sup> Obviously the New Englanders engaged in the slave trade found it good policy to support the three-fifths arrangement, and perhaps they furnished the first instance of a big-business lobby in the ante-rooms of legislative or lawmaking halls. Apparently the said lobby was influential, for after consideration the Constitution makers of 1787 gave them twenty more years wherein to carry on their money-making business, ruling that the slave trade should not come to an end until 1808. To have the Southern market kept open for another twenty years was well worth lobbying for, and no doubt they made the most of it.

Incidentally it may be worthy of remark that much of the black stream flowing South to the inviting plantations appears to have passed through Philadelphia. It is on record that thrifty Benjamin Franklin turned a pretty penny by "making many a venture in the purchase and sale of negroes," announcing to the readers of his

<sup>1</sup> John R. Spears, *The American Slave-Trade*, p. 19.

*Pennsylvania Gazette*, published in Philadelphia, that by inquiring "of the printer hereof" they might become possessed of "a Likely Young Negroe Wench," a "Likely Mulatto Girl," a "Likely Young Negroe Fellow," a "Lusty Young Negroe Woman," etc.<sup>2</sup>

War's passions and the tragic results thereof are rather vividly indicated in the Federal Government's *Official Rebellion Records*, wherein the seemingly discreet excisions marked by asterisks are sometimes more eloquent than the actual statements. At points the humane citizen of the present can hardly believe his eyes as he dips into those forty-odd volumes. If he be an average Northerner he will be astonished to find the armies and military leaders of his own section convicted of practices he had never before heard mentioned. For example, after reporting to General Grant his wholesale devastations in the Valley of Virginia, October 7, 1864, General Sheridan adds: "Lieut. John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned."<sup>3</sup>

Apparently this means no less than that in consequence of the deadly aim of a Confederate sharpshooter the families in all the manor houses and modest farmsteads throughout a radius of five miles were compelled to snatch up a few precious belongings and rush out to watch their homes burn to the ground!

General Sherman's policy in Georgia and the Carolinas was similar, his celebrated dictum that "war is hell" being evidently based upon his own experience. In his report to Major General Halleck, January 1, 1865, describing his seizure and destruction of property on the march southward from Atlanta, he said he had carried away "more than 10,000 horses and mules as well as a countless number of slaves," and added: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at \$100,000,000, at least \$20,000,000 of which has inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simple waste and destruction."<sup>4</sup> Sherman wrote to Grant, December 16, 1864: "I have no doubt the State of Georgia has lost by our operations 15,000 first-rate mules. Great numbers of horses were shot by my orders."<sup>5</sup> Later Sherman wrote to Halleck: "The

<sup>2</sup> Paul Leicester Ford, *The Many-Sided Franklin*, pp. 319-321.

<sup>3</sup> *Official Rebellion Records*, Ser. I, Vol. XLVII, Part II, pp. 307-308.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, ser. i, Vol. XLIV, p. 13.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 726-727.

whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that is in store for her. We must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war."<sup>6</sup>

So the houses of the poor as well as of the rich were burned and looted, the young as well as the old were made homeless, and wherever he moved Sherman left a black and smoking desolation from fifty to eighty miles wide—the sort of war that is "hell" indeed, as he himself said.

Discussing "the most monstrous barbarity of the barbarous march"—the burning of Columbia, South Carolina—and Sherman's devastations in general, Whitelaw Reid, native of Ohio, war correspondent, and later editor of the *New York Tribune*, wrote: "The last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families that his [Sherman's] soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes, day after day, rose on every hand the mournful clouds of smoke that told of old people and their grandchildren driven, in midwinter, from the only roofs there were to shelter them. . . . With his full knowledge and tacit approval too great a portion of his advance resolved itself into bands of jewelry thieves and plate-closet burglars."<sup>7</sup>

During the past seventy years the average Northerner heard nothing about the disclosures in the Federal government's official records referred to above, but doubtless often heard with indignation of the sufferings of Union captives in Andersonville prison, while remaining totally ignorant of the Southern claim that the semi-starvation in that prison was the direct consequence of the Washington government's refusal to exchange prisoners until the Southern Confederacy was visibly tottering to its fall—only two months before Appomattox.

Presumably the policy of non-exchange of prisoners was justified at Washington on the ground that it would cause the sacrifice of fewer Northern lives in the end. It steadily weakened the Confederate armies which found it increasingly difficult and finally impossible to renew their losses, while the unfailing sources of supply on the Union side (including European immigrants who enlisted in

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 799.

<sup>7</sup> Whitelaw Reid, *Ohio in the War*, I, 475-479.



return for "bounties") caused the loss of Union prisoners in the South to be of comparatively small account. The Federal government could well afford to sacrifice the aid of the vast number of Union prisoners held in the South in exchange for the privilege of keeping 220,000 Confederate prisoners away from the firing line.

But in the South the results of the non-exchange policy were devastating, the great accumulation of Union prisoners suffering in consequence, as well as the Confederate armies and the Southern people in general. For the Southern states at that time were almost wholly agricultural in production, and the ever-tightening blockade kept out needed manufactures as well as medicines and a multiplicity of necessities.

During the latter half of the war the Southern Confederacy was in no condition to care properly for its prisoners. With calomel at \$20.00 and quinine at \$100.00 an ounce, with the cost of other medicines to correspond, and with flour at \$70.00 a barrel, when the war was only half over, the best care of Union prisoners in all cases would seem to have been impossible. Tens of thousands of the people of the Confederacy themselves were suffering even for the lack of sufficient food, with bread riots at places, because food could not be shipped where it was most needed owing to the tearing up of the railroads by the inwinding of the Union lines. Too often the ragged soldiers of the Confederacy stood on the firing line with unshod feet and empty stomachs.

Throughout the South toward the last the prices of practically everything the people needed, merchandise, medicines and at many points even of food, continually soared upward, owing to the tightening grip of the blockade, the lack of transportation facilities, and the terrible depreciation of the Confederacy's currency, \$60.00 in Confederate paper being worth only \$1.00 in silver or gold. At Richmond in the autumn of 1864 flour cost \$275.00 a barrel; in January, 1865, \$700.00 a barrel; and on March 20, 1865, \$1,500.00 a barrel.

In what was left of Atlanta after Sherman captured it, burned it, and passed on, the cost of flour rose to \$1,400.00 a barrel, with similarly prohibitive prices for other necessities. With costs so excessive and privation so general the great accumulation of Union prisoners inevitably had to suffer.

The tragedies of war include *misunderstandings* as well as war hate, war lies, and deliberate cruelties. One shudders to think of the lasting consequences of the furious civil war in Spain, with reported barbarities and slaughterings exceeding anything hitherto heard of in modern times. The thought of the humane outsider concerns itself especially with the fate of the finally defeated faction, certain to be misrepresented and persecuted for more than a generation.

## A BRIEF FOR FICTION

CAROLINE B. SHERMAN

HOW MANY times in the midst of a quickening and spirited discussion of books has the glowing conversation been quenched by one who declares sedately, if not with positive withdrawal, that he has no time for fiction? I am willing to venture the guess that everyone of us to whom reading is a keen and positive experience has passed through just this incident, not once but many times even within the last few years when our American fiction has become so vital in so many respects. No matter how often it comes, through the impetus of our enthusiasms we still let ourselves in for the implied reproof. Sometimes it comes from a trusted and congenial friend. At other times it comes from some distinguished person with whom we would gladly have stood well and solidly. Sooner or later, it always comes.

It might be said in passing that it's a wise critic, a wise librarian, and a wise publisher who knows his own fiction today. We find no unanimity of opinion among them, along the borderline, as to just which book is fiction and which is biography; just which books are fiction and which are memoirs. For my part, I am Philistine enough not to care greatly just how a good book happens to be classified if it does no real violation to historical or geographical fact. Galsworthy once said that the novel is the most pliant and most far-reaching medium of communication between minds. As the opinion of a writer of fiction, the captious might question its bias, but a keen critic whose independent judgment was in great and constant demand acknowledged in his *Points of View* that for the realistic novel which enlarges and quickens our consciousness of the world we live in, especially for the novel in which the characters, setting, and problems possess a genuine representative value, he had an almost insatiable appetite. It was the alertness and the generosity of this consciousness, frequently fed by fiction, that made Stuart Sherman a guiding influence among the writers in the newer modes, first from his academic watchtower on the prairies and then from his editor's chair in the literary department of one of our great metropolitan dailies.

If we are reading for characterization it is the interpretation of character that we want, and I believe Laurence Housman may give us as true a *Victoria* by means of a few significant glimpses as a prosy biographer or even Lytton Strachey may give us in a large volume. I care not whether Robert Tristram Coffin's *Portrait of an American* is biography as the publisher says or fiction as some librarians would indicate. It gives us a resounding and refreshing story of a virile and picturesque character, of the many influences that had gone into the making of him, and of his abundant influence for good in the community and in his children's lives.

No affidavits are offered with *Old Jules*, but if it is not literally true in detail, the zestful old character has been re-created with a gusto that carries conviction and brings many new if unflattering impressions of the makings of a country. The novel *Honey in the Horn* gives just such new impressions and reads quite as much like a chapter out of modern American biographical writing, and the same is true of Vardis Fisher's earlier *Toilers of the Hills*. He was one of the first to make his leading characters, in his stories of the pioneer West, men and women whom many of us would not be inclined to call entirely respectable. It brought a jolt. We all of us knew such people were frequent on the frontiers, but we had not realized what stalwart parts they may have taken in the making of America.

Unorthodox the view may be, and there are many who would quickly challenge the statement, but I believe that through the reading of the books that are classed as fiction many of us can enlarge our knowledge and understanding of people and communities and countries much better than we can through actual mingling and participation. There are few among us who have friends and acquaintances in every walk of life, of many nationalities, in many widely varying circumstances. Few among us have traveled very widely or have been able to meet and to know and to see into the minds of the people in the foreign countries we have visited. Places, scenes, and history are our preoccupations on our travels, tintured with surface observations of an alien race whose oddities and differences of manner and dress engage our attention rather than the vital differences in points of view or attitudes toward life. Or perhaps a penetrating study might have shown a universality of the chief human

attributes; they might be modified much less than we think from the surface indications.

Even at home there are few among us whose intuition can penetrate very far beneath the careful surface that our friends turn toward us in our daily living. Constantly we learn with a sense of shock of some sorrow or dread that some friend or acquaintance has been carrying for months or years without a word or sign. Is it not almost universally true that we talk least about the things that lie nearest our hearts and that strike the deepest in?

Even if our friends and associates allowed us to look into their inner lives and thoughts, how many of us who are unversed and untrained in such practices would have the insight to perceive all that we might? Or how many would be able to analyze what we might find, understand it, relate it to past and present, and see for ourselves the elements of the universal or the distinctly individual, as our best fiction writers can do? Given this access to the inner men and women around us, most of us would still need the trained and creative observer to make the most of the privilege for us, and to give us any thorough understanding of what we would see.

For the most representative fiction lays all life before our eyes—thoughts, motivations, emotions, family relationships, personality inter-reactions favorable and unfavorable—and often it is done with a delicacy, a penetration, a skill, or a power that adds immeasurably to our understanding of human beings and how their minds, characters, and spirits react and develop under given conditions.

Calling them to mind one by one, we can think of any number of novels that within themselves prepare the way for a clearer understanding of our own personal family and family relationships or of our friends and daily associates, or that make possible a clearer understanding of community life in all its aspects, good, mediocre, and degrading. Or we remember vividly certain novels that reflect the characteristics of a region with fidelity that is so tinged with an imagination that we gain the very feel and the atmosphere of the country—more clearly than any other save the most discriminating and the most sensitive could gain on an actual visit.

The tendency to use fiction for biographical purposes has grown to such an extent that we now scarcely trouble to ask just how the new book about Lady Hamilton is listed. And the fictional methods

are not without their good uses. It is small wonder that the insistence and emphasis on intuition and imagination and the subconscious as the motivating forces of all human life—rather than logic and reason—have caused our biographers and our lesser writers to restudy the outstanding characters of the past, both men and women, in the light of this new psychology and to attempt to crystallize and visualize their thoughts, to re-examine and reevaluate their actions, and in every way to reinterpret them to our present-day people in the light of present-day beliefs and points of view.

The farther our biographers and historical students venture into these new realms, the farther they go from authenticated fact. They may come very much nearer the essential truth regarding the subjects of study than did those who merely related facts in chronological order, and interlarded them with laudations, in the older biographies. We feel and we believe they do, but they cannot prove it.

This debatable ground and the temptation to explore not to say exploit it, especially in the case of writers who are less highly trained in historical and biographical research and in the profounder phases of the newer psychology and psychiatry, lead almost inevitably into fiction. If a writer who has a keen ethical sense feels that a filling in of conjectured thoughts, conversations, and influences will round out and complete his story and give us a better picture of the person he wishes to portray for us in living colors and almost breathing form, he is likely to follow this course and to indicate on title-page or elsewhere, that strict biographical methods have not been followed. Then we have, as a result, that growing group of books in which the union of fiction and biography is so complete that the books are variously classed as fiction and as biography, by different reviewers, different librarians, and even different prize-award committees.

Fiction is increasingly used as a form for autobiography. If the massive tetralogy that Vardis Fisher has just completed (*In Tragic Life, Passions Spin the Plot, We are Betrayed, and No Villian Need Be*) seems to us as exhausting as it is exhaustive, and if we are inclined to wonder whether any one young man's life-story is, to any of the rest of us, worth all the searching and toil that have gone into these volumes, we can at least be sure that the task has been thoroughly worth while to him. If he doesn't know himself by now as few of us know ourselves it is through no lack of effort on his part. To

come nearer home, geographically, the work of Thomas Wolfe belongs in the same category. From his recent revelations in his *Story of a Novel* it is evident that if and when he finishes the work he has set himself to do there will not be much about him that we do not know if we have the courage to read all he writes.

Even the reminiscent type of delightful memoir is now finding its way into fiction. Just why both Sigrid Undset and Adrian Bell issued their respective appealing stories of their childhood as novels it is hard to say since both have seemed to be rather indifferent to the mundane consideration of numbers in sales and readers. Perhaps the publishers had something to say about it. At any rate, to the mystification of many of the reviewers, both are published as fiction (*The Longest Years* and *The Balcony*). Now comes Santayana's literary phenomenon *The Last Puritan*, which, we supposed, might be called the ultimate in the way of *A Memoir in the Form of a Novel*. But it is almost immediately matched by John Marquand, writing of the same locality, in his *The Late George Apley: A Novel in the Form of a Memoir*.

But so keen and so understanding is much of our fiction of today that I doubt if the frankly autobiographical stories give us much greater insight into character and types and modes of life and thought than do the frankly fictional. Sometimes we are intrigued by the likeness of the characters to people we know. In other books it is the very uniqueness that charms us, especially if these unique people still seem real and alive. Who among us did not feel that the author of *Jalna* introduced us to a genuine if brand-new kind of family and now through successive novels has made us as well acquainted with them as anyone is likely to feel in regard to a family who, as individuals and as a group, are pre-eminently unpredictable. An educator from a large university recently urged a group of leaders whom he was addressing to make more use of our best fiction because of its very real educational value in providing this understanding of human and family relationships. He declared that our best novelists gain a better hold on the adult teacher-students in his university than do psychologists and sociologists because their work affords a development through rich vicarious experience.

The novels of the professions are performing a definite mission in disclosing to us the circumstances that condition the modes of



thought and the actions that often seem to be peculiar to the members of the given profession. Some leaders in the professions welcome this new avenue of approach between the layman and its members. Others have their doubts. Few of the perceptive leaders are totally indifferent. An officer of a large medical association in his few and scattered hours of ease has followed closely the doctor in fiction and has reported on his readings and deductions before the assembled members. The trained nurse, the lawyer, the professor, the absorbed young scientist all have had their day, and ministers are being shown us in various guises, and not all by means of debunking, we are glad to say, although what debunking has been done has not been without its uses and its benefits.

Turning in another direction, we soon find that the boundaries between fiction and travel are not clearly marked. Nor do we want them to be. All of us remember unforgettable glimpses and descriptions of remote places disclosed on pages of fiction and fixed in our minds as are few passages from travel books. It is the spirit of a country that we want. Dalmatia as a setting by Ann Bridge may be more provocative and suggestive than a whole volume devoted to its population, area, and wealth. Pearl Buck and Ann Bridge and Alice Tisdale Hobart have given us China from such varying points of view that among them we feel we can now find our way about that vast and baffling old empire—in our minds at least. And surely few Scandinavian writers have done more for their countries than have Selma Lagerlöf and Sigrid Undset.

Of all the workers in the arts, probably none have excelled the fictionists in awakening our interest in the American scene and our understanding and appreciation of it. We pause a moment for leader identification. We ask William Dean Howells, Sarah Orne Jewett, Hamlin Garland to come forward and take their bows. Howells had the reward of his day and time for what he was actually doing if not for its significance, but it was long before the other two were known to more than a discriminating handful. As the years go by they are gradually being given their due for directing not only reader attention but the devotion of other novelists to the rich potentialities of American materials. In the preface to the republished edition of Willa Cather's first book *Alexander's Bridge* Miss Cather tells us how Miss Jewett turned her from her first use of scenes and char-

acters new and foreign to her, back to the homely setting and people of her childhood on the prairie which had seemed too humdrum for the makings of a book. What the American people might have lost had Miss Jewett refrained from giving this unwelcome and unromantic advice to an eager young writer whose eyes were set on the oldest towns of the East and on European adventure only those who have followed Miss Cather's books from the very first can know.

Once the American scene was well understood, fiction turned our attention to regionalism. Again the novelists led all other workers in the arts in developing this new movement in American thought and work. When the American scene as a theater for the arts was thoroughly in our consciousness the necessity for discrimination and analysis was evident. We are Americans first, but then we are likely to be Easterners, Westerners, Midwesterners, Northerners, Southerners, Virginians, Kentuckians, and New Yorkers. To a certain extent we are conditioned by our regional environment and conditions almost as much as are our industries and our farming. First through fiction, then gradually and less definitely through the other branches, have these regional influences as such become evident in our arts.

Passing over the "local-color" and usually rather sentimental stories of an earlier day, that faintly foreshadowed this later and more virile development, the Midwest was the first to develop a vibrant fictional literature of its own which was followed closely by a differentiation in other lines. The movement was led and encouraged by a little group of Midwestern enthusiasts among the workers in the art forms who congregated at Chicago and dedicated themselves to proving that the Midwest could develop a culture that would be tinged with a distinction of its own.

In spite of Frederick Jackson Turner's potent development of the theory of frontier influence on American life, and his growing following, it is through fiction that Americans generally have become so well aware of the significance of the Midwest in the American scene and the Midwestern influence on American life, letters, and business. Hamlin Garland showed it to us in one way and from the Western end in his *Middle Border* series; then Louis Bromfield showed it in another way and indicated what the Western trek had meant to the East it left behind in his *Early Autumn*. Few will debate the statement that Willa Cather in her revealing series of

stories in the days when the theme was new—*My Antonia*, *O Pioneers*, *Song of the Lark*, *One of Ours*, *Lost Lady*—and Herbert Quick with his trilogy—*Vandemark's Folly*, *The Hawkeye*, *The Invisible Woman*—probably accomplished more than any number of non-fiction writers in making the average reader understand a developing, creative, but unsensational Middle West. A Middle West that devoted itself to the first things of shelter and shade and a decent living with ardent concentration at first, but when these things were done turned quickly and with surprising effectiveness to government and to the various arts, bringing a freshness of approach that was to revitalize and Americanize the viewpoints and products of their age.

Now New England is coming into its own in the way of interpretation and understanding. We who have heard so much about the draining away of the life-blood of the North in order to people the wide reaches of the fertile West, are beginning to understand that this westward surge was the only one of the great epoch-making and disastrous forces that were to remake again and again the whole economic and social life of New England. Pre-eminent in the far-flung whaling industry of the world, it was to see this adventurous and wealth-creating industry wane and die. Eminent as a great shipbuilding and shipowning race and a breeder of men who could successfully sail the magnificent clippers over the Seven Seas to the glory of their people, they saw steam come into its own, and put them and their region practically out of business. Maker of textiles for the entire country and for foreign markets as well, although their raw material must be shipped in a thousand miles, they saw their textile factories going South and saw their capital financing Southern mills that inevitably crippled their leading industry. Reluctantly old families turned to the ill-smelling fish of the sea, as they had scorned to do so long as life left them any promising alternative, and now we are told that the sardine and salmon industries are disappearing from their shores. Remains only the temporary expedient of opening their fine old houses to summer boarders or of selling their ancient treasures from many lands—sales that break the heart even though the head may be held even higher. Next comes the sale of the mansions themselves. Not one revolution but three and four have these tenacious and courageous people suffered and

overcome. So although we do not yet know the next economic solution, history indicates that the New Englanders will find it.

And how have the rank and file of us learned of these economic and social cycles of New England? Almost solely through the realistic fictional literature that has been recently coming from a long-silent people in a volume and with a quality that indicates a modern and an Americanized renaissance of the golden era of New England writing.

If there is criticism of Mary Ellen Chase's latest book *Silas Crockett* it is because this absorbing story of the changing fortunes of four generations of a great seafaring family, who originally knew all the lands of the globe and reflected the best in the architecture and furnishings of their manorial homes, follows almost too closely the logbooks and the records of the family and the community. It has not been so thoroughly reminted by the imagination of its gifted writer as to make it the work of art that we find in *Mary Peters* by her own hand and in the ripe volume *Time Out of Mind* by Rachel Field. In these stories, too, we see the ascendancy and decline of famed seafaring families and it is probable that in spirit and in effect they are just as true to the life they portray. Robert Tristram Coffin's pen with which he writes of a similar segment of the sea-faring saga more briefly but with heightened drama in his *Red Sky in the Morning* has been frequently and realistically likened to an etcher's tool. Certainly there is an economy, directness, and beauty of word and phrase throughout the book that cause many of the paragraphs to remain graven before the mind's eye as pictures of crystalline clarity set in a rich perspective. But apparently he could not be satisfied until he himself had told the whole story in his own way; so now we have this latest book of his—*John Dawn*.

The tough but resilient Yankee fiber does not always bring a comeback for individual, family, or community. Some tragic crashes and disintegrations follow in the wake of these cycles. Others lose nearly all they have materially but strengthen in purpose and character. The facts and causes of economic changes and the tabulation of their results on the market place form only a partial record. The effect on the human families involved and on their daily lives is the really significant thing, and until that is written the economic and social story is but half told.

The South had a famous day in the literature of our country through a nostalgic post-bellum telling of the stories of a romantic ante-bellum period. Those books may be said to belong to the local-color era. It is playing a new part in the regional fiction of the present. We move carefully here, for if the earlier school of Southern writing suffered from a certain sentimentality, is not the present school marked by an excessive realism? The realism of Mrs. Pringle in *The Woman Rice Planter* and of Marietta Minnigerode Andrews in *The Memoirs of a Poor Relation*, although resented in some quarters, is illuminating and refreshing. The realism of Paul Green and Du Bose Heyward is sympathetic and revealing. But although T. S. Stribling and Erskine Caldwell and others of their kind are making a genuine contribution, even a devotee of realism in fiction would demand that other writers of the South be read diligently at the same time as they.

It has long seemed surprising that with their inevitable regional and distinctive flavor, the magazines of the university presses should give so little attention and space to the best fiction of their day and region. Are they not neglecting a searching series of sidelights that can do much to illuminate the sober and solid studies of facts and demonstrated conditions? I have a haunting recollection that a university press published one of our regional novels and surprised itself by finding a best seller on its hands, but diligent search fails to verify this impression. Certainly we couldn't expect these presses to be willing to go into the publication of fiction as such, but the careful and perceptive reviewing of some of the best interpretive fiction of their regions seems well within the province of their magazines.

The services of fiction to farm life and farm conditions, in interpreting them to city dwellers, is a long story by itself and has been so used in the pages of the *Quarterly*.<sup>1</sup> So significantly has this school of fiction developed within the few decades of its existence that a leading rural sociologist has recommended through several editions of his textbook that rural fiction be used as a valuable level of study, for he thinks the results of the novelist's methods and interpretive intuition set a standard of excellence from the standpoint of completeness of picturization that the social scientist may

<sup>1</sup> See the present writer's article, "Farm Life Fiction," *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, XXVII, 310-324 (July, 1928).

well strive to attain. The organ of the American Country Life Association, *Rural America*, has given many pages of its limited space to an unexpected, spontaneous, and spirited debate between two of its members on the subject of standards of living as reflected in rural fiction.

This awakening understanding among the city half of our population as to the country half, and as to the conditions under which they live and work and serve all nations through their basic industry, is of incalculable value. It may not be fantastic to believe that rural fiction has had its part in preparing the way for that larger and more generous understanding which our farsighted Secretary of Agriculture is laboring to develop and use in his campaigns to make the American people willing to see the country people have a larger share in the national income even though, for some short period, it may mean a somewhat smaller share for city dwellers because of the relatively higher prices that are necessary if our farming people are to maintain a level of living that is consistent with the American tradition. If we are ever to have a general understanding of the fact that a nation cannot prosper if one-half of its people are in economic bondage while the other half is free, much of it must come through books that reach the average reading public.

If the solitudes and the rhythms of country life have lent themselves effectively to the uneventful chronicle of family life that has been so surprisingly popular of late, fiction flourished no less well on the crowded and tragic stories of the World War. First was the avalanche of novels that the presses poured out in the early years of conflict. They told us much of what the war meant to the families at home. Then came an exhausted silence on the subject at the time the war was over. Returning writers, or others who had experienced and suffered so keenly that they believed they must tell of it for the future welfare of their brothers, found a public that felt it could read no more of war. Not for ten or fifteen years were we ready to steel ourselves to listen to the men's own stories told in their own way. These books and the stage and screen have revealed the horrors of war to us as no other books have done. In fiction the indictment against war has become absolute.

Of course fiction has long been used as a good sugar-coated method of presenting many social questions and getting them before

a general reading public that is all too prone to be a thoughtless one. There was a time when we recognized a distinct school of "problem novels." The exploitation of immigrants, woman suffrage, labor conditions, the excesses of the money changers, and many other riddles were propounded to us, and an appeal for our aid in their solution through the exercise of thought if not of action was implicit in the stories. On not all of them was the sugar-coating thick enough to be palatable, for the white slave traffic was brought home to us in a way none who read it could forget in Elizabeth Robbins's poignant story *My Little Sister*. Recently we have witnessed a renaissance of this use of the novel in the marked increase of the proletarian fiction that is being not only issued but read and occasionally rewarded with a prize. Olive Tilford Dargan deserts her poetry and turns to realistic novels of the Piedmont cotton factories, changing her writing name to Fielding Burke, that no glint of reflected romance or license will seem to gild their edges. We have the passionately subjective novel of Isidor Schneider, and we have A. J. Cronin's heartfelt but aloof and tragic story *The Stars Look Down*. In spite of the possibilities in the nationalization of the mines, which he evidently believes to be practicable as well, he seems to feel that these stars a hundred years from now will see the miners of England struggling with problems not unlike those of today. Cronin evidently has a cogent belief in the possibilities of fiction, for we know that he abandoned his profession as a successful physician to devote himself to it. Perhaps he believes in what it can do for the individual in the way of life-expression rather than in what it can do for others in the way of reform.

When printing Ira Wolfert's terse and significant short story of a scab, called "In Right," *Harper's Magazine* wonders why so little revealing analysis on the anatomy and social history of the strike has been done—analysis that gives the feel of the thing and tells more clearly than statistics or argument just how the strike occurs. Although it is a species of warfare that has been going on at intervals in this country for a hundred years, say the editors, we still await the man who can translate the strike into living, meaning words. Perhaps in the end, they sagely observe, it will be the fiction-writer who will do the best job of it.

Yes, the more I consider the matter, the more inclined I am to



be inwardly astonished when thoughtful men and women say that they rarely have time for fiction. Almost as well say they rarely have time for family and friends. As well say they prefer their history, their travel, their economics, their sociology, without illumination. For a great novel, great only in the sense of many of ours today, can light up, as nothing else can do, the hidden and complex motivations of our diverse human beings and the confused and perplexing scene of human life.

# B · O · O · K · S

## A COMPETENT BIOGRAPHY

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE. By Melrich V. Rosenberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1937. Pp. 303. \$3.50.

Mr. Rosenberg's book has the immediate effect of making one wonder how such a completely fascinating figure as Eleanor of Aquitaine could have escaped until this year of grace the fine-toothed comb of modern biographical inquiry. The noble lady is of first importance to students of both European history and literature. She was in succession Queen of France and England; and as Queen of the Troubadours she shaped much of the literature of her exciting century. On the greatest body of romantic lore, the Arthurian material, her impression was an indelible one. To her Wace dedicated his *Roman de Brut*, one of the first great metrical renderings of Geoffrey of Monmouth's chronicle. Her daughter, Marie of Champagne, furnished the inspiration for the work of Chrestien de Troyes, who first gathered the Arthurian romances into a cycle and who gave them the courtly polish now invariably attached to them. Eleanor was one of the prime movers in placing womanhood on the lofty pedestal that it occupies in the chivalric tales.

The twelfth century, of which Eleanor often seems the epitome, is inherently dramatic. It is the century of the disastrous Second Crusade, of Henry II's ascension to the English throne, of the tragedy of Thomas à Becket, of the glamorous adventures centering about Richard Coeur-de-Lion. In most of its major events Eleanor occupies an important rôle. Her presence on the Second Crusade was probably one of the determining factors in the horrible rout of the French forces at Mount Cadmus. Her towering ambition caused her to divorce the pious and weak Louis VII of France in order to allow her marriage to Henry Plantagenet, heir to the throne of England. As Queen of England she strengthened the power of the throne and demonstrated her ability to govern as vice-regent when Henry was pursuing his Continental campaigns. She produced sons that were to run the gamut from extreme fame to extreme infamy. We have Eleanor to thank for both Richard Coeur-de-Lion and John Lackland. When Henry's philandering displeased her, she organized his sons against him and ultimately caused his ignominious death.

Eleanor was a product of the licentious and powerful court of Aquitaine, whose dukes patronized the worldly singers of Provençal song,

pursued amorous intrigues with ruthless ardor, and all but literally thumbed their noses at their nominal liege-lord, the King of France. Inbred in her was a strong sense of individualism that brooked no opposition in whatever field she chose to move, in matters of love or state. Her dynamic personality and her firm hand, together with the solid support of her powerful duchy, carried her splendidly through the century.

As a biographer Mr. Rosenberg has chosen to adopt a straightforward manner that is likely to delight his readers with its clarity and to impress them with its competence. He is careful to avoid most of the devices of his contemporaries. There are no imaginary conversations or pointed little dramatic scenes with entrance, exit, and curtain patly marked. There is no Stracheyan irony or Bradfordian "psychographing." If the book does not blaze a new trail, the purity of its style and method undoubtedly sets a high standard in biographical narrative.

The biography presents almost no material that is entirely new, but it makes a very valuable synthesis of the diverse elements of life and literature in the twelfth century. The disaster of the Second Crusade, with all its attendant horrors, is presented with economy and with enviable pictorial power. The possibilities of sensationalism are admirably avoided. No student of literature can fail to be appreciative of the lucid sections on the Courts of Love, in part delightfully digested from the Latin code-book of courtly love by Andreas Capellanus. If at times Mr. Rosenberg seems to write the biography of a century rather than that of his central figure, the picture of Eleanor herself is drawn, nevertheless, with clear-cut strokes and an unusual minimum of conjectural shading. It is safe to predict that few biographies of the year will be at once more competent and more delightful than this one.

LODWICK HARTLEY.

#### LABOR LEADER

JOHN L. LEWIS, LEADER OF LABOR. By Cecil Carnes. New York: Robert Speller Publishing Corporation, 1936. Pp. 308. \$2.50.

John L. Lewis, one of the most vigorous, exciting figures of contemporary times, was born in a miner's cabin in Iowa in 1880. Today he is a prospective candidate for the office of President of the United States. Mr. Lewis's life is the romantic story of a he-man who has risen from the lowest ranks to national eminence. It is a saga of the mines and the men who live by mining coal. It is an account of the struggle of workers for a greater share of the wealth they produce. It is the record of the dominant leader of the American labor movement today.

Cecil Carnes, a newspaper reporter, took this tempting subject for his first effort in biography. Available raw material consisted almost wholly of newspaper accounts of incidents in Lewis's turbulent life. It included only a few magazine articles and copies of Lewis's addresses. Mr. Carnes literally threw this material together. In haste he clipped and pasted press stories and long quotations from his subject's speeches. He assembled a sufficient quantity of stuff to satisfy a not-too-discriminating publisher. The result is *John L. Lewis, Leader of Labor*.

The persevering reader can glean some facts of Lewis's life from its poorly written pages. His career is traced from infancy to the organization of the C.I.O. in 1936. At seventeen he went to work in the mines where his father had worked before him. Almost simultaneously he became active in the labor movement. There also his father had preceded him. In 1918 Lewis first stalked across the national arena. With the war over, the United Mine Workers militantly demanded higher wages and shorter hours. For nine years Lewis led his brethren in numerous industrial struggles which yielded better working conditions for the miners and an enhanced reputation for himself. Yet prosperity coupled with his own enemies in the labor ranks slowed his advancement from 1927 to 1932. Since 1933 and the N.R.A. his fame has been on the ascendant. Today he is the dominant figure in American labor.

Nowhere within this book, however, is to be found an adequate picture of this colorful, forceful personality. Nowhere is there an interpretation of the man Lewis, nor of the social forces that have ridden him into prominence. Nowhere is there a real explanation of the fundamental struggle that Lewis is now waging within the labor movement. All in all, this book represents a peculiar opportunity lost. A publisher may have been content to publish this volume. Few readers will close its covers with other than a feeling of disappointment.

JOHN J. CORSON.

#### A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY

ART AND SOCIETY. By Herbert Read. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1937. Illustrated. Pp. 282. \$4.00.

*Art and Society* offers not only a comprehensive survey of the development of art, from its early beginnings to modern times, but also what purports to be an organic system of aesthetics. Mr. Herbert Read is a sensitive and sagacious critic of literature as well as art. He is the author of *Reason and Romanticism*, *The Meaning of Art*, *Art Now*, and *Art in Industry*. Opposed to the absolutism of science, Mr. Read regards art

as an autonomous activity. The essential nature of art is to be found in "its capacity to create a synthetic and self-consistent world . . . a convincing representation of the totality of experience: a mode, therefore, of envisaging the individual's perception of some aspect of universal truth." Art, in brief, is a dialectical activity, fusing the contradictions of reason and imagination. As an intuitive process, art cannot be confused with ethics or politics, philosophy or religion. Art begins with the individual and becomes social only to the extent that society accepts it.

After a spirited defense of art as an independent mode of knowledge, superior to scientific knowledge, Mr. Read plunges into the study of primitive art, the relation between art and mysticism and that between art and religion, the status of the artist during and after the Renaissance, and the position of art in society. Throughout he stresses the thesis that the aesthetic impulse is inherent in man, that it is constant, whatever the factors, climatic or economic, which may impinge upon it. The artist is pictured as a neurotic who stands in psychological opposition to the crowd. In the chapter, "Art and the Unconscious," the Freudian doctrine is boldly applied to art. Psychoanalysis, Mr. Read believes, supplies the key to most of the unsolved problems of art. Despite the fact that the validity of the Freudian theory of art has been seriously challenged by various psychologists, notably by Otto Rank in his *Art and Artist*, Mr. Read still adheres to the belief that the artist is always a neurotic, who builds a bridge from phantasy to reality. On the basis of the Freudian hypothesis with its division of the mind into three layers, the id, the ego, and the super-ego, Mr. Read constructs an imposing system of aesthetics, which seems to clear up every shadow of mystery.

Influenced strongly by the example of the surrealists, Mr. Read has made the effort to reconcile and synthesize the conclusions of Freud and Marx in their bearing on art. It is not enough to dismiss Marxism and psychoanalysis as essentially incompatible. Like oil and water they may refuse to mix, but if they contain possibilities of enriching our knowledge of the creative process and furthering our understanding of art, the experiment at dialectical fusion should by all means be made. In *Art and Society*, Mr. Read makes a brilliant, though not altogether convincing, attempt to bring these two conflicting outlooks into harmonious adjustment. Though in sympathy with the Marxist ideal, Mr. Read has little patience with the arbitrary formulations of the Marxist theoreticians. Their conception of reality is biased, didactic, politicalized; the reality that the artist beholds cannot be artificially circumscribed, cannot be made to conform to any doctrinaire purpose or program. The artist is a disinterested, not a class-conscious, instrument. Mr. Read would have us respect the

instinctive forces of life and not exploit art as an adjunct of politics or intellectualism.

*Art and Society* is a profound and stimulating work; it marks a notable contribution to aesthetics. That his ideological structure rests on a weak foundation should not detract from the decided merits of the book. By combining art as an expression of the unconscious with art in its fundamental relations to society, Mr. Read has wrought a striking, though not altogether happy, compromise. The categories of psychoanalysis are, after all, too abstract, too hypothetical, to be of much help in the explicit value-judgments demanded in art. Of what avail is it to know that the primary stream of inspiration issues forth from the id? That leads us no further than if we believed that the artist was inspired by black magic or by a divine power. Nor is there much ground for asserting that the artist is always neurotic. Can he not stand in opposition to the crowd and to his age, without thereby being abnormal? As a system of aesthetics, Freudianism does not take us far. It certainly does not mix with Marxism. The powers and principalities of the unconscious will not join hands with dialectical materialism to produce a satisfying and logically consistent theory of art.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG.

#### VIEWS OF A BRITISH ECONOMIST

MOTIVE AND METHOD IN A CHRISTIAN ORDER. By Sir Josiah Stamp.  
New York: The Abingdon Press, 1936. Pp. 239. \$2.00.

This volume from the pen of a Britisher whose reputation as an economist, statistician, and business man is international deals with a subject which has been polemical in academic circles for decades, to wit, the relation between economic doctrine and practice on the one hand, and Christian feeling and teaching on the other. As noted by Sir Josiah, the economists of late have emphasized the objective approach to economic problems; the pulpit, however, has gone further than preach the Bible: it is expounding social development upon "the authority derived from spiritual aims, and especially the inner intent of Christianity." It is this latter development, particularly as revealed in the current plea for a planned economic order, founded on the Christian ethic, that receives the attention of Sir Josiah.

The problems to be faced are, according to Sir Josiah, "whether a planned society can be worked by the existing bundle of elements in human behavior, or whether it will demand other, and, if so, really possible, elements; and whether a Christian order can be worked with such other

elements." In a chapter on "Motive in Economic Life" he gives an illuminative discussion of these problems. Dealing first with capital, an obvious essential to production, he concludes with reason that existing processes (motives) of capital formation will remain intact in a different society. There must be in a planned economy a notional rate of interest, at least, plus some directional measurement for the application of capital. The market-price test cannot, he thinks, be avoided. Moreover, the principles of diminishing utility and of substitution are elements in human nature; these cannot be obliterated. Their operation must be reflected in a price system. As to the more important matter of incentives, Sir Josiah concludes that at the best we can only guess which ones may be counted upon to work successfully in a planned economic order. The problem is, furthermore, one of deciding not only which incentives are morally or ethically acceptable but economically efficient as well. Today we rely upon differential rewards as incentives; we have no example of an economic society functioning without such. In Russia, it is true, a new incentive in "service" to humanity has been attempted, but not with complete success. Sir Josiah rather doubts whether Russians "are likely to forego individual profit for flat uniformity." But, as he points out in another connection, "experiments in Communistic principles of equal reward have not been large enough or permanent enough to give us any confident basis of judgment." His own view is that "fear" and "self-interest," the one as a negative and the other as a positive, incentive, must be retained, if the community is to enjoy a considerable output of goods and services. In short, in this age we cannot rely upon nonfinancial incentives for the mass of workers. Character is the basis of our economic system; no change in our economy should be made which cannot be supported by the powers of human character.

To attain and operate a better economic machine than that which we now have presupposes, therefore, a better man. Revolution cannot accomplish this; but reformation of human character can. The betterment will, according to Sir Josiah, consist of three stages in this order: "conversion of the will; education of the moral sense; and last, when these make it feasible, an environment which gives the higher motive a chance to breathe, live, and succeed." The complete evangelization of the community is not, he writes, insuperable, certainly from a statistical viewpoint: "Assuming (a) that we ignore now the older people, but prepare for the future, (b) that the most suitable age is from fifteen to twenty, (c) that the numbers reaching that age could be made to pass through our church services of different denominations in this country—a big assumption in practice—then, if there were one 'conversion' in every six services, the



whole adult population would have passed through this experience in a generation." The educative process would then follow, and continue.

Whether one accepts or rejects such a statistical nicety as that, it must be admitted that Sir Josiah has presented a powerful array of arguments in favor of a cautious policy of social and economic reform. His insistence upon need for a conversion and elevation of the human motive as a prerequisite to a new social organism will appeal to some readers as a reasonable approach to the solution of our economic difficulties. To others, however, including the reviewer, the question will arise as to whether such a plan has any practical value. Idle factories, stagnant markets, debt-ridden farmers, millions of unemployed—these and many other current problems call for immediate action. It is true that the action taken need not necessarily be the overthrow of the competitive order; yet in the end that may be the result. Stated otherwise, it may be argued with reason that economic reform cannot await the evangelization of the community. We must adopt remedial measures, trusting that the productive efficiency of the system will not thereby suffer. If, however, economic reform and moral betterment can be achieved simultaneously, then so much the better. Unfortunately, the past offers scant support for the likelihood of such progress. In this connection one is reminded of the abortive efforts of that great humanitarian, Robert Owen. He labored valiantly for a "New Moral World" in which production would be more for use than for profit.

In raising anew the issue of economic action in relation to human character, Sir Josiah has performed a useful service. His book is a scholarly production. There is much in it to stimulate the reader to further thought upon the vital problems which are presented. An appendix containing an admirable classification of the economic canon of the New Testament adds value to the book.

HAROLD HUTCHESON.

#### OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM MADE EASY

THE OLD TESTAMENT: *Its Making and Meaning*. By H. Wheeler Robinson. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press, 1937. Pp. 247. \$2.00.

This volume is in the nature of a simplified introduction to the Old Testament; hence the reviewer's first thought when he began to examine it was: Why did author and publisher go to the trouble of getting out this sort of book so soon after the appearance of Oesterley and (Theodore H.) Robinson's *Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament*? And furthermore: Why did the author not put in some footnotes?

Reflection and further examination brought better judgment. Lower price will ensure wider circulation, or at least one may hope it will; besides, there are said to be people with a downright aversion to footnotes, in spite of the fact that they are the breath of life to the academic mind. Nor is this book entirely without documentation. At the end there is a bibliography of nineteen items, including five German ones; and a few references in parentheses have been slipped into the text here and there.

Everything has been simplified, yet the essentials remain. After all, the author is a scholar and teacher with many years' experience. The book before us reveals the method he has used successfully in introducing students to critical study of the Old Testament. Some will want to go farther; those who cannot may rest content that they have the basic facts presented in the smallest possible compass.

Here one may learn that all the Pentateuch is not literal history and that it was not written by Moses, but by a series of writers all of whom were better equipped for their task than Moses could have been; that the conquest of Canaan was gradual; that the "Court History of David" is one of the best pieces of historical writing that the ancient world produced; that "the Book of Ezra ought to perplex the careful reader"; that the Prophets spoke to their own times instead of making predictions about the twentieth century A.D. and that they represent the highest development of Hebrew religion; that Ruth, Jonah, and Esther are works of fiction, the two former being sublime expressions of the true prophetic spirit, while the latter "is an exaltation of nationalism at its worst, and falls below the level of the *lex talionis*"; that *Daniel* is not a book of prophecy or history but an apocalypse; and many other things too numerous to mention that one ought to know if he is a true lover of that glorious library of the ages all rolled into one volume which we call the Old Testament.

One bad misprint on page 97 should be noted: "Remember shall return" should read "A remnant shall return" (Isaiah 7:3).

W. F. STINESPRING.

#### NEW CHAPTER OF SOUTHERN HISTORY

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Francis M. Simkins and James Patton. Richmond, Va.: Garrett and Massie, 1936. Pp. xiii, 306. \$3.00.

Although much has been told and retold in the many excellent writings dealing with the happenings in the South during the days of the Confederacy, there is one important phase which has been neglected. It has

been left to Mr. Francis Simkins and Mr. James Patton to reveal in their recently published book, *The Women of the Confederacy*, the feminine part in those crucial years.

This book is, first of all, significant as a distinct contribution, because it gives for the first time a vivid and authenticated picture of the woman of the South. It is interesting to see her emerge from the anemic and sentimental mass of traditional fiction, which has long surrounded her, as a real and vibrant personality, competent to grasp and adapt herself to the trying needs and situations of the time when the cloud of civil war lay over the land. In the second place, the book represents a veritable encyclopedia of contemporary diaries and accounts written by the Confederate women which contribute the ultimate personal touch that revitalizes the historical incidents of the past.

The authors modestly describe their book as an attempt to evaluate the part played by the women in the inauguration of the Confederate war; their share in sustaining the Confederate armies and in keeping alive the economic life of a war-torn and blockaded country; the several phases of their relations with the Federal invaders; their social pleasures; their sorrows and sufferings; and their experiences during the final months of the war in which the Confederacy was destroyed. Since, in the authors' view, eminence in the Confederacy was confined to the political and military leaders, all of whom were naturally men, the emphasis falls upon the general movement, rather than upon personalities. Thus, the book is no mere chronicle of persons or biographical sketches, as the title might suggest, but is a portrait of the women of an age. In fact, it is more than merely a pretty portrait, for the authors were concerned with historical accuracy, and much of the story is told in the words of the Confederate women themselves. Accordingly, this book will be of absorbing interest to reflective readers desiring the true story, which for many years has been concealed or distorted by fanciful recollections, fabrications, and prejudices handed down from the early sixties. It is true history come to life.

HETTIE ROBERTSON.

#### THE "NEW ENGLAND MIND"

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1936. Pp. 550. \$4.00.

Mr. Brooks in his Preface states that his "subject is the New England mind as it has found expression in the lives and works of writers." He has "taken pains with the documentation, and . . . can quote chapter and verse—in some trustworthy source of the time, some diary, memoir,

letter or whatever—for every phrase that appears in the book.” Only a reader well acquainted with the writings of New Englanders from 1815 to 1865 can fully appreciate the result. One example is the treatment of Hawthorne which echoes a thousand of the romancer’s own phrases. It is as if the memory savored the bouquet of Benedictine distilled from myriad simples which have been culled from gorgeous Alpine mountainsides. Thus Mr. Brooks’s critical interpretation constitutes a rare piece of work. Human beings become a part of the nature of things in motion, elusive and yet substantial as such symphonic poems as *Die Moldau* or *Les Préludes*.

Some of the apparently minor notes in this exemplification of Spengler’s theory of “culture-cycles”—the distinction between the choiceness of Worcester’s dictionary and the sturdy sense of Webster’s; the pervasive influence of the sojourns made in Europe by Ticknor, Edward Everett, and Bancroft; the encyclopedic accomplishments in linguistics, in Old World art, sentiments, and legends, in English law (witness Sumner); the stout-heart of the sailor-lawyer, Dana; the conception behind the burial of Daniel Webster’s horses—ring true to the communities of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord.

With a change of figure, a native, as he samples freely Mr. Brooks’s barrel of apples, might remark from time to time, that the author thinks better of Longfellow than he once did. Ellery Channing is given more pages than would be allowable in an economic interpretation of literary history. Contrariwise, though Herman Melville, like Hawthorne and Holmes, wrestled with the doctrine of original sin, he is not admitted to citizenship in New England. And what will the next volume do with Howells, *Atlantic*-editor born in Ohio, which some say New Englanders made a sowing-ground for their thoughts? One might raise a question whether Lowell as a critic has not been abused of late; whether in contrasting him with Taine, Mr. Brooks does not overemphasize the need of ideas, when that judicial Taine at times absurdly distorted English writers by trying to fit them into the mold of his half-a-priori system; whether the unphilosophical Lowell—crotchety bookman though he was, and unfair to Thoreau—did not resemble Sainte-Beuve in communicating his appreciations as a gentleman “tipster of the library” might do. Fortunately, Mr. Brooks finds life to be something larger even than the very important ideas which it contains or the abstractions which derive from it. He has caught up and stored for our delectation the imperishable sunlight, the cooling shadow, and the genial rain of the old New England vineyards.<sup>1</sup>

EDGAR C. KNOWLTON.

<sup>1</sup> Sly *obiter dicta* lurk in the scattered footnotes.

## ON RHETORIC

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. By I. A. Richards. New York and London: Oxford University Press, 1936. Pp. 138. \$1.75.

Professor Richards published this series of six lectures with the laudable purpose of lifting Rhetoric from the low estate to which it had fallen. In this work, as in his *Principles of Literary Criticism* and *Practical Criticism*, he is concerned chiefly with analyzing the sources of verbal misunderstanding and perfecting the medium of communication. A disproportionately large share of this book is taken up with the task of refuting the mistakes and fallacies that clutter up the field of Rhetoric. He will be the broom that sweeps clean. He summarily disposes of the theory that words are invested with a specific and measurable quanta of meaning and that a discourse is an aggregation, a mosaic of these component meanings. Beginning instead with the unit of meaning, he indicates how each one varies as it is placed in conjunction with other units. Meanings, in short, are relative and interdependent. No word has a fixed core of meaning; it has that only if the context itself is uniform, and that rarely happens in fluid discourse.

Professor Richards is thus laboring to supply a philosophic criticism of the assumptions on which our analyses of meaning rest. Concerned not with one aspect of meaning but with meaning in general, he covers some of the ground so admirably surveyed in *The Meaning of Meaning*, which he wrote in 1922 in collaboration with C. K. Ogden. His thesis holds that language originally began with the abstract. Any single impression is composed of a number of sortings. Things, he believes, are "instances of laws." Since meanings are to be gathered only from the context, it therefore follows that a passage can mean not only one thing but a number of different things. Apart from the language of science, which is neutral and precise, all discourse may be regarded as containing a multiplicity of meanings. Since words are mutually dependent on one another, only the whole utterance with its internal constellation and interanimation of meaning can supply the key to the meaning of any single word in the context. Having disposed of this matter, Professor Richards then launches a new method of attack on the subject of metaphor. An intelligent and effective command of metaphor, he is convinced, can go deep "into the control of the world that we make for ourselves to live in."

Professor Richards's aim in *The Philosophy of Rhetoric* is thus both pedagogic and hortatory. Yet these six lectures do little to advance the cause he has so much at heart, the meaning of meaning, because he is too censorious in tone, too negative in substance. Perhaps the obstacles in

his way were too great to permit him to follow a constructive procedure. But his ideas, while theoretically sound, remain hanging in mid-air because he does not show us how they can be fruitfully embodied in practice. How are these fundamental but abstract distinctions to be taught and applied? Literary critics, linguists, and psychologists, writers who take a technical interest in the mysteries of their craft, may find these lectures useful and suggestive. Others may find them confusing. Professor Richards's preoccupation with creative poetry and prose, with the creative life in all its aspects, has undoubtedly led him to give an unwarranted emphasis to the theory of multiple meaning and to combat the doctrine of established usage. But language, in the mass, is not as unique and unpredictable as he would make it out to be. Much of it is certainly traditional and imitative. Variation unquestionably exists; it is this that accounts for originality of style; but is the degree of variation sufficiently great to warrant our throwing overboard the whole apparatus of borrowed meaning and established usage, however faulty it may prove on occasion in the hands of the unskilled? The poet's imagination may command words to do his bidding; the general run of men must content themselves with words which contain a more or less fixed center of meaning.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG.

### ELINOR GLYN

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE: *Being the Autobiography of Elinor Glyn.*  
Illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1937. Pp. 350.  
\$3.50.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn's autobiography is, in her own words, "an attempt to tell the story of my life, and to set out *truthfully*, as many of the events and impressions which are recorded in my diaries as can be published at the present time; or perhaps I should say some of them, for it would need several volumes to tell them all." Here, in abundance, is society and literary gossip of the twentieth century, for Mrs. Glyn knew Dr. Axel Munthe, Mark Twain, Edward VII, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Arthur Brisbane, William Randolph Hearst, and many others. Her popular works for the lovelorn, such as *His Hour* and *Three Weeks*, were first serialized in newspapers and then published in book form. In search of local color for her novels she visited here and there on the Continent and made trips to America. It is always amusing to read what foreigners—Mrs. Glyn is a native of Canada and an Englishwoman by marriage—write about America. Her visits were perhaps not quite as exciting as Oscar Wilde's lecture tour, but interesting experiences fell to her lot, and her observa-

tions are entertaining. On her first visit to Nevada, she was greeted by a group of miners who offered her a gun as a present and as a token of their appreciation of *Three Weeks*: "We give you this here gun as a present, Elinor Glyn," the man who made the speech said, 'because we like your darned pluck. You ain't afraid and we ain't neither.'" Often her novels were condemned more before than after they were read. As a scenarist who made popular the "It" type of girl of the twenties, Mrs. Glyn will perhaps be remembered by the present generation, and for those would-be Elinor Glyns this observation of hers may be worth while: "... the spirit of romantic love, as I understand it, is rare in America. I believe, however, that it is still to be found in many quiet corners and in the Middle Western and Southern States."

DAVID K. JACKSON.

#### BOOKS DEAL WITH TWO STATES

THE FEATHERLYS: *A Virginia Tapestry*. By Virginia Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1936. Pp. 304. \$2.50.

RAIN ON THE JUST. By Kathleen Morehouse. New York: Lee Furman, Inc., 1936. Pp. 319. \$2.50.

The first of these books sketches through several generations the history of Virginia plantation aristocracy as represented by the Featherlys and their estate, Plumehurst. The second book offers by contrast a realistic picture of North Carolina mountain "poor whites" in the present generation.

JAMES CANNON, III.

#### FIVE LECTURES

THE MASTER'S INFLUENCE. By Charles Reynolds Brown. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press, 1936. Pp. 200. \$2.00.

The dean emeritus of Yale Divinity School delivered the Fondren Lectures at Southern Methodist University in 1936. The five lectures, written in popular and readable style, are printed in this book.

JAMES CANNON, III.



a  
f  
a  
e  
n  
s  
.  
e  
:  
.  
l